

The Messenger

Dr A H Strickler
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"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Poetry.

SO TIRED.

"Must the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes to the very end."

So tired—I fain would rest,
But Lord, Thou knowest best.

I wait on Thee.

I will toll off from day to day
Bearing my cross and only pray,
To follow Thee.

So tired—my friends are gone,
And I am left alone—

My days are sad.
Lord Jesus, Thou wilt bear my load
Along this steep and weary road,
And make me glad.

So tired—my heart is low;
Shadows of coming woe

Around me fall.

And memories of sins long wept—
And hopes denied that long have slept,
Arise and call.

So tired—yet I would work for Thee,
For Thee! Lord, hast Thou work
Even for me?

Small things—which others hurrying on
In Thy blest service, swift and strong,
Might never see.

So tired, yet it were sweet
Some faltering, tender feet
To help and guide.

Thy little ones whose steps are slow,
I should not weary them, I know,
Nor roughly chide.

So tired—Lord, wilt Thou come,
To take me to Thy home
So long desired!

Only Thy grace and mercy send,

That I may serve Thee to the end,

Though I am tired.

—Churchman.

Communications.

For the Messenger.

PASTORAL LETTER.

The following letter addressed to a particular Classis, may be read with profit by the whole Church.

The Classis of Maryland to the elders in her connection—Greeting.

Dear Brethren in the Lord:—The office with which you are invested in the Church of Christ, is one of great solemnity, and involves high responsibilities. Like all ecclesiastical offices, it proceeds from the Lord Jesus Christ, and derives its authority directly from Him. See Eph. iv. 8-13. Its design or purpose, like that of the pastoral office itself, is the salvation of men through the edification of the Church and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

The duties pertaining to the office of Elder are set forth in the Word of God, and in the Constitution and Liturgy of the Church. See Acts xx. 17, 28; i Tim. v. 17; James v. 14; i Peter v. 1-3. Constitution of Reformed Church, Art 20. Ordination Service in Order of Worship. From these sources we learn that elders

are called especially to take part with the Minister in the government and discipline of the Church. The same duties belong to them, that belong to the Minister, except the special duty of "laboring in word and doctrine." "It belongs to them, in virtue of their office, to visit the sick and the afflicted, to instruct the ignorant, to admonish such as are out of the way, to warn the unruly, to command and rebuke with authority in the name of Christ." It is their duty, moreover, to assist and support the Pastor in all efforts for the promotion of religion and piety among their people, such as the introduction and circulation of Church papers and books, the raising of funds for benevolent purposes, and the organization and management of Sunday-schools and prayer meetings.

In consequence of the solemn nature of this sacred office, great stress is in Scripture laid upon the life and character of those who are called to fill it. They must be men of discretion, of wisdom, of good report, and of exemplary piety. They must be honest, sober, grave, temperate, ruling well not only themselves, but also their households. They must be full of the Holy Ghost. They must sincerely love the Lord Jesus Christ, and earnestly desire the welfare of His Church and the salvation of their brethren; and they must be willing to make any sacrifice in their power to promote this end.

Our reason for addressing you at this time, and calling your attention to the solemn nature and responsibilities of your office, is the well-grounded apprehension that, in many cases at least, these are regarded lightly; and that, in consequence of this, the interests of the Church and of religion among us are suffering injury. Delegated Elders come to Classis year after year, and when questioned on the subject, make confession that the duties of their office are not fulfilled by themselves and their fellow Elders. Thus, in many cases, the Elders entirely neglect the duty of family visitation, as well as the duty of watching over the walk and conversation of the members of the Church, so that in many congregations there prevails great laxness of discipline. In many cases, moreover, the Elders take no active part in efforts for the advancement of the cause of religion among their people, such as the religious training and instruction of the young, the dissemination of sound religious literature, and the support of the various objects of charity in the Church; and even the important institutions of the prayer meeting and the Sunday-school are often left to the care of irresponsible outside parties who manage them not in the interest of the Church.

Besides this manifest neglect of duty, there is another sad fact to which we can not help advertiring in this connection, namely, the fact that many of our Elders do not take such heed to their lives and conduct, as their high position in the Church would demand of them. It is not sufficient for an Elder that his Christian character be as good as the average character of ordinary church-members. He should be in all respects a pattern to the members of the flock, whose example they may follow, and to whom they may always look for guidance and direction. But unhappily men are sometimes elected to this office and allowed to assume its solemn responsibilities, whose character does not recommend them for the position, and who, even after they have taken upon themselves the solemn vows of office, fail to take proper heed to their lives, and walk not in the Spirit, but in the flesh. The influence of such can only be evil. They are a stumbling-block and an offence, not seldom bringing disgrace and misfortune upon the Church, and loading their own souls with heavy guilt.

Therefore, beloved brethren in the Lord, we, who also are your fellow Elders, do exhort and beseech you in the Lord Jesus that ye give earnest heed to yourselves and to the office which has been committed to your trust. Remember, first of all, that you are called to be examples to the flock of Christ, and that you must, therefore, be blameless in the eyes of all men. Be diligent in the performance of your own religious duties. Cultivate a spirit of earnest

piety. Avoid the very appearance of evil. Let the love of Christ and of His Church dwell in your souls. Be zealous in good works, strong in faith, and watch unto prayer. You cannot fulfill the duties of your office without cultivating genuine Christian piety in your own hearts, and without working out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

But, in the second place, we earnestly exhort you to magnify your office. It is a great honor to bear office in the Lord's house, but it also involves grave responsibilities. The spiritual interests of the Church are, in a large measure, committed to your trust, and you are, therefore, largely responsible for its welfare and prosperity. The souls of the flock which you are called to rule, are in your care and keeping, and your solemn duty is to watch over them, so that none may be lost. Should any of them be lost through your neglect, their blood will be required at your hands in the day of judgment. Therefore study and consider well the nature of your duties, as laid down in the Word of God, and in the Discipline of the Church. They are such as may well cause you to tremble, and cry out, Who is sufficient for these things? You may feel, perhaps, that you are incompetent for the discharge of some of the duties involved in your office. But you have assumed those duties; and what is required of you now is that you qualify yourselves, by reading, by study, by meditation, by prayer, for their proper performance, relying upon the assistance of the Divine Spirit, who has promised to make you strong in the service of the Lord. We beseech you, therefore, that you spare neither time, labor, nor pain in the work and service which have been committed to you.

You may receive no reward for your services in this world; but the Lord will not fail to reward His faithful laborers. Remember the words of St Peter: "When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that faileth not away."

And now, the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

AMBROSE C. GEARY, President.

SIMON S. MILLER, Stated Clerk.

For the Messenger.
COTTAGE CITY.

Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, is a place as delightful as it is unique. Built upon Oak Bluff on the north-east extremity of the island, where the breezes from every point of the compass are sea breezes, the temperature of the hottest summer day is on the heights and by the sea always cool. In winter the climate of the island is greatly modified by the surrounding ocean and the gulf stream which almost washes its shores with the waters of a warmer clime. It is stated as a fact, that during the winter of 1880-81, the mercury was at a lower point in every State in the Union than at Martha's Vineyard, and we remember reading in the papers in February, 1882, of grass two inches high on the Vineyard. We in the interior find it difficult to realize the great effect which the proximity of the sea has upon the climate in the winter, and think of New England as always out in the cold. The fact is, that Lancaster is near Maryland, is quite as cold as New Bedford, one and one-half degrees further north, and averages more snow and sleighing.

For more than forty years the Methodist Episcopal church have owned an extensive camp ground at Martha's Vineyard. Here each society of the Providence Conference used to pitch a large tent for its members, and gradually the custom of having family tents grew up. Fifteen or twenty years ago, people not interested in the camp-meeting began to find out what a delightful summer resort the Island is, and cottages sprang up within and beyond the limits of the camp ground. The Camp-meeting Association had jurisdiction even beyond their enclosure. In the early days regulations for

good order and safety in the camp were strict. Every tent and cottage was to be closed at 10 o'clock p. m., and no family could retire without leaving two buckets of water by the front door for use in case of fire. But vast changes have come even within the camp ground. The people now dwell in cottages instead of tents. The old society tents are all gone except two. The large tent in which the preaching services were held, is replaced by an immense iron roof with moveable curtains at the sides sheltering seats for 6000 persons. This tabernacle, as it is called, only needs electric light at night to adapt it perfectly to its intended purpose.

Beyond the camp ground and close to the sea, amid the oak trees of the island, has grown up within the last fifteen years, a city which reminds one of fairy land. Everywhere are cottages of beautiful form, painted in dull browns and olives, and reds, with beds of flowers, and grass plots in front, and pots of rare plants, fountains and rustic seats making the sandy shore a garden. The cottages are built with double doors in front, which always stand open in pleasant weather revealing highly decorated and cozy homelike parlors within. Dwelling in these charming homes you find families from all parts of New England, Canada, the South and the far West. Many come in May, and some in pursuit of health, remain until November. In the height of the season the population is sometimes 50,000, which taxes to the utmost, the capacity of the large, comfortable hotels and cottages.

Among the natural attractions of the Bluffs is very pleasant bathing, the water is warm enough for comfort, but lacks surf. Ladies and children here, swim like ducks, and perform remarkable feats in diving without danger.

Early in the season blue herring afford sport, but the fish are not now so abundant. A delightful sail with a safe skipper may be enjoyed any day or moonlight evening. We were out when the water was like a sea of glass.

The breezes drive away all flies and mosquitoes. I saw none during a stay of eight days with my genial friend. By the season wet or dry there is no dust. All the avenues and drives by the sea are concrete, of which there are now thirty miles. Very many of the residents bring their horses, and you see rolling over the concrete every kind of a vehicle from the pony village cart driven by some pretty little girl to the more pretentious equipage. We enjoyed several drives after the grey "Daisy" which the daughter of our host had brought from Westfield, Mass.

The amusements here are lawn tennis, croquet, roller skating, amateur concerts, and at the hotels dances and games.

One striking peculiarity of Cottage City, is the absence of any rough or disorderly element. Though it has a crowded business street you see no saloon, and we slept in perfect safety with the door of our room open on a front balcony.

Some ten years ago the residents on the Bluffs built a Union Chapel for their Sunday services, where you may hear preachers of all evangelical denominations, and where they have lectures, concerts, etc.

Of the literary attractions of the place we may tell you hereafter. L. D. G. New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 8, 1882.

SCIENCE AND HYPOTHESIS.

In the *Popular Science Monthly*, a periodical apparently edited in the interests of opposition to Christianity, Prof. Youmans asks the ridiculous question, "Why is science opposed?" The following is his extraordinary answer: "Theology withstood science because it was itself identified with the old erroneous explanations of Nature. Philosophy made a stand against science because science circumscribed its field and subverted its ideals. Literature strove against science because of its devotion to fact and its supposed unfriendliness to imagination. Art resisted science as unfavorable to the inventive and creative spirit."

The following comment is made by the *Herald and Presbyter*: "The opposition of theology, philosophy, literature and art, is

not to science, but to certain theories which a class of thinkers have called by that name. The controversy with materialism is not a controversy with science, though materialists seem determined that it shall be so considered. Real scientific investigation does not in this age meet with opposition from either philosophy or theology. It is, indeed, helped by them, inasmuch as they insist on its separation from mere fancies and hypotheses. Neither is there opposition from literature or art. These cannot even be classed with the enemies of that materialism of which Prof. Youmans is an exponent. They certainly do not oppose it on the grounds he gives, viz., that it is 'unfriendly to imagination' and 'unfavorable to the inventive and creative spirit,' for writers and artists alike see that it is a model of imagination and creative spirit. The theory which invented Bathyscopes and imagines missing links cannot be charged with friendliness to the creative spirit. The Professor has evidently looked into an optical instrument which inverts the objects studied, for if there is any one ground upon which, more than another, theology, philosophy, literature, and art, unite in objecting to the theory which he calls science, it is the opposite of that he gives. They are not troubled by its unfriendliness to imagination, but by its entire imaginary and hypothetical character. If Prof. Youmans would write with the accuracy demanded by exact science, he must not confuse the buzzing in his own ears with a conflict of the elements, or the opposition to his pet theories with a war on science."

But this is asking too much of Prof. Youmans, whose training seems to have unfitted him, with all his commendable zeal and industry, for thinking with scientific accuracy. When he wrote "Theology has withstood science," he forgot that theology is itself a science, and that it would have been just as true to write that "Geology has withstood science," which would have reminded him that it was a conflict among the sciences which he had mistaken for an opposition to science in general. When he wrote "Philosophy made a stand against science," he seemed to have no conception of what philosophy is, or to have forgotten that the materials with which philosophy builds its structures it owes to science. The science of which Prof. Youmans seems to seek to make himself an apostle is not knowledge, but imagined "promises and potencies" of certain things in Nature which have never yet fulfilled one of the "promises" so precious to the Professor nor excited one of the "potencies" so poetically ascribed to them.—*Christian Philosophy Quarterly*.

GREAT MINDS IN SUFFERING BODIES.

God often glorifies His gifts, by bestowing them upon minds which are housed in bodies subject to frequent attacks of sickness and accidents arising from infirmity. His wise design probably is that men may ascribe the possession of this intellectual power to His divine grace, and not to mere human nature. It may also be that He permits His servants to encounter the several spiritual temptations and bodily sufferings for their own sakes, so that they may be kept humble in the consciousness of their abilities, and thus not exalt themselves above a dependence on God. I do not know how else to interpret Paul's "buffetings of Satan" and the troublesome "thorn in the flesh" of which he so dolorously complains. Paul was aware of his talents, his influence and acquirements. That extraordinary "vision and revelation of God" which he records in 2 Cor. xii, must have inspired him with a consciousness of his greatness, and in speaking of it, he does not boast, as he would have a right to do, according to his own language. There is a passage in one of Luther's letters which reminds us of the words of Paul in this chapter. He says: "I will not feign humility by wishing to dissemble the gifts which God has bestowed upon me; I have more than enough in me besides which humbles me, and teaches that in and by myself I am nothing; in God only will I glory; in His gifts will I rejoice and triumph and boast!"

THE MESSENGER.

[August 23, 1882.]

Family Reading.

For The Messenger.

COMFORT IN SORROW.

MAURICE H. MELSON.

When the heart is filled with sorrow
For the loved one that has gone;
While with watching—sad and weary,
All the world seems dark and dreary,
And the coming of the morrow
Finds the watcher sad and lone.

Then, oh heart! with grief o'erweighted—
Grief which Christ alone can heal.
Go to Him with all your sorrow;
He will hear you, and the morrow
Then will come with comfort freighted—
O'er the heart sweet peace will steal.
New York, August 11th, 1882.

"IS THAT ALL?"

BY C. J. WHITMORE.

Having accepted an invitation to preach in the east of London, the first thing was to find the mission hall. Up one street, down another, until I was bewildered in a labyrinth of streets, evidently tenanted by those who had nothing to lose. I, therefore, stepped into a general shop to seek direction.

"You wish to go into that street?" asked the shopman.

"Have you your watch and money with you?"

"Certainly!"

"Then you had better leave them with me. It will be easy for you to take them in; but very hard to get them out again, especially if some of the tenants there see a man decently dressed, alone, and not knowing his way."

"Is that the kind of a place I am trying to find?"

"It is, and you had really better be guided by me."

"Now, it has been my hobby to seek out the very worst parts of nearly all the cities in England, and some in Scotland and Ireland, in order to see what the denizens were like." Moreover, I was anything but a stranger to London slums, and other localities. I, therefore, coolly declined the offer to part with my worldly goods.

"Very well," said the civil shopman; "if you lose them don't blame me; and take one piece of advice—keep in the middle of the street as you go."

I thanked him, and went upon my way, following his advice to keep in the middle of the street, well knowing that in so doing I was preventing any human beast of prey from springing upon me, and taking me unawares. The caution was needed. Here and there a furtive ruffian showed himself, causing me to slacken my pace to prove I was not afraid of him; here and there something that should have been a woman hurriedly crossed my path. Very rarely the measured tread of a policeman sounded on the hollow pavement, giving a relieving sense of security until the sound died away; until at length I reached the mission hall of which I was in search. On entering, I saw the hall was filthy with the grime of a London low-life neighborhood, the seats, attached to desks, had apparently never been washed since they were made; the floor was in the same condition. The walls had dirty remains of pictures on them, and a few women and children were gathered to listen to my address, under the care of a very dispirited attendant at the hall, who was drawing a baize curtain across the hall to shut off about two-thirds of it from view. I felt aggrieved at the prospect, and much inclined to grumble that I had been brought half a dozen miles from home, on a wild, gusty night into such a neighborhood, to talk to such an audience. But having found my way, and engaged to speak, I at once commenced the service. I suppose there were the usual singing, reading, prayer and address, but have entirely forgotten. When the service was ended, the grumbling fit returned, as I prepared to retrace my dangerous way toward home.

I had descended the two steps from the platform, and was passing on, when a shaky voice said, "I want to speak to you."

Turning at the request, I saw a very old woman, with an exceedingly dirty face, and hands still more filthy, holding on to the rail in front of her seat, and trembling with excitement or nervousness—perhaps both.

I was wearied, dispirited, hopeless of having done any good, and wishing myself at home. I therefore asked, curtly, "Well, what is it?"

"I am seventy three years old," she said.

"Well! what is that to me?" I thought but said nothing.

"And I can see to work as well as ever I could."

"Don't see what I have to do with that." was my silent comment.

"And I can earn my living by needle-work."

"Why do you tell me this?" I inquired.

"Because I want you to know that I don't come here to beg," she said. "I know well enough there's a lot of lazy wagabones as comes for nothing else; but I'm none of that sort; I earns my living by my eyes and fingers, and begs nothin' o' nobody."

"But what do you want from me?" I coldly inquired.

"I'm seventy-three years old," she repeated, "and I can't expect to live much longer. I have been listening to you talking about the gift of God: I knew I had not got it; and I made bold to ask you to

tell me more about it. Remember I'm a poor old woman of seventy-three, and make it as plain as ever you can."

If a blaze of light had flashed into the dirty hall, I could not have felt more astonished than I did at the old woman's request. I had not expected—scarcely desired—any results from my address; and yet here was an anxious inquirer. Not a common occurrence; when we do not expect or desire results, they scarcely ever appear. It became interesting; but I remembered the six miles to go, the dangerous way, the late hour, and the expectants at home; and how to reconcile these discordant things was the problem—how to lead an anxious soul, that had been seventeen years in utter darkness, most speedily and safely into the light. I lifted up my heart to the Lord; and a thought came that I at once put into action. I put my hand into my pocket, producing a sixpence, and commenced conversation.

"Mother, have you had any tea?"

"I didn't come here to beg," she replied.

"Have you had any tea?"

"I didn't come here to beg."

"No one said you did; but that doesn't answer my question, which I intend to repeat until you reply plainly: have you had any tea?"

"I tell you," she gruffly rejoined, "I'm none of your beggars; I can earn my own living, and didn't come here to beg."

"That doesn't answer me," I continued; and I intend to get an answer before I say more—have you had any tea?"

"No, I ain't," she shortly rejoined, hoping to get rid of the subject.

"Mother, have you got any supper at home?"

"I didn't come here to beg," she again repeated.

"Mother, have you got any supper at home?"

"No, I ain't," she repeated, more angrily than before.

"I thought not," I continued. "Now, see, here is sixpence, just the thing you want. It will buy you bread, butter, tea, sugar, a bundle of wood, a candle, seven pounds of coal, and a ha'porth of milk; and so give you food, light and warmth."

If any one who reads this begins skeptically to inquire concerning this method of expending sixpence, the old woman did not; she knew by many years' experience the statement was correct in her locality. But she only repeated, "I didn't come here to beg."

"You have not been accused of begging, or anything else," I continued; "but I want to make it clear to you. This sixpence is mine, given in charge to me to give freely to any one that needs it. Your need of it is very sore; you are trembling with hunger and cold, as you stand there. In your poor garret it is dark, hunger-bitten cold—no light, no fire, no food; the money I offer will produce all these things which you require so much. Take the money; it is mine to give, and you want it."

Still she said, "I didn't come here to beg. I only wanted you to tell me how to get safely to heaven."

"That shall surely come after; but I want to settle this first—or perhaps they will come together. Now, be advised, take the money."

"I cannot," she said; "I have never taken charity; I didn't come to beg."

"Well, think once more before I go. Your room is dark and cold, you have great need. I offer you a free gift, just what you want; if you won't have it, and lie tossing all night with cold and hunger, you can't blame any one but yourself."

The picture of a hungry night was no new thing to her, and signs of relenting appeared in her face. Almost unconsciously she stretched out fingers drawn like bird's claws with age and labor; but she did not take the money readily, little by little she came nearer, until at length her fingers closed upon the coin. She raised it from where it lay in the palm of my hand, and held it in her trembling fingers."

"Well, have you got it at last?"

"Yes, but not willingly," she said.

"How did you get it?" I asked.

"You gave it to me," she replied.

"Did I give it, or did you take it?"

"I took it," she said; "but surely it is all the same."

"Not quite, for what I want to teach you," said I. "For you want the gift of God, which is eternal life; you want pardon for all your sins; you want peace with God; you want His Holy Spirit to teach you the way to heaven, and to make you fit to be there. Now, just as your wants for the body were met in the gift of the sixpence, so God has met all your wants for the soul in the gift of Jesus Christ, His Son. In Him God has provided all that we need, for time and eternity. But we must take Him as God's free, undeserved gift; and this is just what we are so unwilling to do. We want to earn Him; we want to deserve Jesus and heaven. But we never can. We do not like to take Him as a gift. Just as you were so unwilling to accept the money, so thousands are unwilling to accept Jesus on the only terms they can receive Him."

"I never saw it so," she said; "I thought I had to earn heaven."

"There are untold thousands like you," I answered, "who turn away despising and rejecting the gift of God. But I hope you will be wiser; and, just as you have freely taken the gift of the money now, take the infinitely greater gift of Jesus Christ. You have only to take what is ready and offered."

"But must I not repent and believe?" she inquired.

"These gifts are included in the gift of Jesus, just as food and light and warmth were all in the sixpence; you have only to accept humbly God's free gift of Jesus Christ."

"Is that all?" she asked, in astonishment.

"That is all," I replied; "repentance, faith, teaching, heaven, are all in Jesus Christ."

"Then I am a saved old woman," she loudly cried, clasping her drawn, withered hands together with the sixpence between them: "for I will take the gift of God, and take it now!"

"Thank God!" I most rejoicingly exclaimed; "truly I have not labored in vain, nor spent my strength for nothing and in vain."

A little more counsel, a few words of earnest prayer, and then I looked for the last time into the aged face. Hope, forgiveness, peace were there; and as I turned into the dark, dangerous way it seemed bright with a light that was not of earth; a light in my own spirit, lighted there by the blessing of the Lord of the harvest upon the labors of an unbelieving servant in the great harvest field.

But not unbelieving as I went on my way home, with eyes brimming with loving tears of gratitude, hands clasped in earnest acknowledgment, and my heart thrilling a paean of thanksgiving for the Lord's loving-kindness, in making the darkness light, and the rough places plain, to that poor woman "seventy-three years old."

"Is that all?" "That is all!" "It all lies in believing!" For a man must believe he is a sinner before he can repent. He must believe Jesus is the Son of God before he can trust Him with his body, soul and spirit. He must believe on the Comforter before he can receive the only teaching that will fit him for the inheritance of the saints in light. He must believe that God will help him to work, and reward him for working for Him, before he can work.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"Is that all?" "That is all!"—Word and Work.

PLEASURES OF THE THEATER.

Do ye not know that when we place money in our servants' hands we require of them an account even to the last penny? So will God demand of us an account of the days of our life, even how we have expended each one of them. What excuse shall we offer when required to give an account of this day? For you the sun has risen, the moon has illuminated the night, the various choir of stars has sparkled; for you the winds blow and the rivers glide; for you the seeds germinate and plants flourish; for you Nature maintains its order, the day dawns, the night succeeds—all things are arranged for you; but, while creation is thus ministering for your good, are you fulfilling the desire of the devil; and, while God grants you to dwell in a world of bounties, you, as if the former day were not enough, on Easter eve (when you might have paused, a little from your former wickedness) run [from the hippodrome] to the theater, from the smoke into the fire, plunging into another gulf and a deeper. Old men have disgraced their white hair; youths have rushed down the precipice; even fathers have taken their children, leading their uncorrupted childhood easily into the abyss of wickedness; so that one would no err in calling such men child murderers, and not fathers, who ruin the souls of their offspring by wickedness.

What wickedness? you may ask. For at this I grieve deeply, that, being sick, you know not that you are sick; else you would seek a physician. Do not hence arise the breaking up of families, destruction of morals, dissolution of marriage, wars and fightings, disgusts without just cause? For when you return, captivated and enslaved, your wife is deemed uncomely, your children burdensome, your servants are a vexation, your house is displeasing, your ordinary cares in domestic management annoy you, every one who approaches you is a burden and an offense.—Chrysostom.

HOW TO TRAVEL.

To say that one is a thoroughly good traveller is very high praise, and one cannot attain to that distinction without profiting by the experience of others. The first thing necessary is to create an atmosphere of good nature; and this must be created by united effort, for an unlimited supply is needed. A second very important requirement is punctuality, which oils the wheels, and keeps the party in good working order. The eyes should be provided with a patent kind of glasses, which enable one to see every thing of interest in every direction, and also magnify the good qualities of each member of the party, and bring them into notice. The mouth should be furnished with pleasant words, "which are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones." The hands should have some kind of covering, whether of kid or cloth, it matters not, but of such a texture as to make them very active in taking extra stitches, bringing out pins, pencils or knives when needed, and helpful in carrying heavy parcels and bundles, especially for other people. Then a kind of overshoe must not be forgotten, which helps one to run on errands.

There is also a certain little cushion of tenderness which should be stowed away somewhere among the luggage, to be brought out when occasion requires to make a soft resting place for a weary head. In the fairy tales they sometimes had caps which rendered their possessors invisible; but there is a kind of veil for travelling which hides all that is disagreeable and unsightly, and conceals discomforts of every

kind. The hand-bags should contain a good stock of patience, which is especially useful on long journeys; and unselfishness, which is needed at all times, and in all places. In the shawl-straps can be tucked any amount of fun and frolic, for they give spice to every journey. It is very important that the whole party should be on the alert that nothing be forgotten when leaving a place; and yet there are certain things which all should agree to leave behind on principle,—worries and annoyances of any kind which may arise. Two things, however, of the greatest importance should not be forgotten for an instant, but should be cultivated with the greatest care,—a thankful spirit for the blessing of the past, and a hopeful one for the future.—Cond. from N. Y. Observer.

A SHILLING HEART.

It is rare that the growth of one's benevolence keeps pace with the growth of one's means. When persons are absorbed with thoughts of gaining, keeping, or enjoying wealth, they lose their inclination for giving, and grow narrow, sordid and selfish.

A widow, with a very small income, was remarkable for the liberality of her gifts to religious objects. She at length became heir to a large property, and it was noticed that her contributions began to fall off. Her offerings were smaller in amount than when she was poor, and grew less and less; now she only gave when she was asked to give, and then she gave next to nothing at all. Once when applied to by her pastor to help a cause to which, in humble circumstances, she had always contributed a guinea, she presented only a shilling; and the good minister could not help calling attention to the change that had come over her.

"Ah!" she said, "when day by day I looked to God for my bread, I had enough and to spare; now I have to look to my ample income, and I am all the time haunted with the fear of losing it and coming to want. I had the *guined heart* when I had the shilling means; now I have the guinea means and the shilling heart."

A SUMMER SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Sweet floats the breath of new-mown hay,
Light sways the nodding clover,
And ripe or reaped the fields to-day,
Good-will to men," seem low to say,

As zephyrs pass them o'er.

The summer wears her regal crown.

With pomp of proud assurance;

O'er tangled hedge and roadways brown

Her purple-mantled hills look down

On frolic and endurance.

Diaphanous her mists at morn,

And gemmed her sunset heaven;

In serried ranks her ribboned corn

Await the tender whispers borne

From errant winds at even.

A benison doth summer shed

From hands with largest burdened,

On all with weary heart or head

Who from the city's strife have fled,

Where she with peace is girded.

A true to worldly care and din;

August 23, 1882.]

THE MESSENGER.

Miscellaneous.

TO A SWALLOW.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

I saw your kindred by the sea
Flit through the sunlight dreamily:
I felt, because the month was May,
A little while they needs must stay,
Though Time is always flitting.

Borne on blithe wings across the lea,
They pause, wave-tranced, beside the sea,
When spring, with airy grace, beguiles
The serious water into smiles—
Though Time is always flitting.

When autumn's busy shuttle weaves
Quaint arabesques around the leaves,
Your brothers preen their wings and flee
To sheltered cliffs beyond the sea,
While Time is softly flitting.

You claim a minstrel's right to roam
Far from the nested warmth of home;
And, circling o'er this barren hill,
How joyously you seem to trill—
While Time is softly flitting!

—Christian Union.

A STRANGE FUNERAL.

A clergyman writing from Jerusalem to the New York *Christian Advocate*, says:—

On Friday, June 23, I saw the strangest sight I ever witnessed in my life in the funeral of the Greek Patriarch Orosius, as nearly as I can spell his name. It was a great funeral, as he was a great man, being second greatest Greek Patriarch in the world, and second to none in spiritual authority. In a civil sense, the Patriarch of Constantinople is greater.

The Patriarch was injured by falling from his horse, and died after lingering for about two or three weeks. Seeing so many people passing to and from the Constantine Church of the Greek Convent, we went to see what was the matter. We found the deceased patriarch clothed in the robes of his office, silk and gold richly embroidered, seated upon a

throne facing the altar. Although he was only sixty-five years of age, he looked very venerable with his long flowing grey beard. He had a golden crown upon his head, with enameled settings on four sides, representing the virgin, the nativity, the resurrection, and ascension, and surmounted by an elegant diamond cross. His breast was covered with golden crosses and precious stones. He had a crozier or scepter of gold and silver leaning against the throne, while in his right hand was a Testament, and in his left a picture of the Virgin and child. Behind the throne was standing a priest reading continuously in Greek appropriate passages for the dead. And from early morning till 5 o'clock in the evening a perfect stream of people were passing back and forth, who would kneel, kiss the patriarch's hand, then the Testament which he held in it, and afterwards cross themselves and pass out. He was quite a rich man before he became patriarch, his fortune being 40,000 Napoleons.

This fortune he divided among the poor, the Church, and his sister. He was buried the same day he died, and the funeral was quite a novel affair. Just before the funeral a motley crowd of Turks, Arabs, Bedouins, Nubians, Jews, and representatives of almost every nation, in almost every imaginable costume, gathered on Mount Zion. First in the procession came a band of clarionets, then a band of brass instruments, playing what I would consider a lively air, and not the least novel, was an enormous bass drum. Following the band were quite a number of students, with very long hair, who were preparing for the priesthood; then came the ordained priests, then the Bishops, dressed in elegant cloaks. All, except the soldiers who followed, carried candles draped with black crape. After the soldiers came the Janissaries of all the Consuls, and of the different convents, in what seemed to me very wild costumes, something like our American Indians. Then came Bishops bearing a kind of lanterns, and crosses of silver and gold. An old man, in a very gorgeous dress, who, as I was informed, was next to the patriarch himself, was bearing the deceased patriarch's silver and gold sceptre. Then came the body, in full dress as I had seen it in the morning, with the crown on his head, and, seated on his throne, as if he were alive. The procession made a strange impression upon my mind, as I watched it slowly move towards the Zion gate, and listened to the weird chanting of the priests. He was buried in a sitting posture, along with about two bushels of incense and myrrh.

THE CENTRE OF POPULATION.

The New York *Tribune* derives this interesting summary from the census maps of density: The first census of the United States, taken in 1790, showed the centre of population to be on the eastern shore of Maryland, about twenty-two miles from Baltimore, and near the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude. From that point it has moved westward at the average rate of about fifty-one mile in a decade, never deviating as much as a degree to the north or south of the thirty-ninth parallel. By 1800 it had moved forty-one miles, and was found at a point eighteen miles west of Baltimore. In 1810 it was near the Potowmac, in Virginia, at a place forty miles

north-west of Washington, having travelled thirty-six miles during the preceding decade. Its progress in the following ten years was fifty miles, and in 1820 it was in the Valley of Virginia, sixteen miles of Woodstock.

The census of 1830 discovered the centre of population, previously a little north of the thirty-ninth parallel, had passed that line and was a trifle to the south of it, at a point in the Alleghany mountains nineteen miles west of Moorefield, Virginia, the progress westward since 1820 being thirty-nine miles. This was the most decided southward movement it has made in any decade, and is explained by the acquisition of Florida and the settlement of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas.

In the ensuing decade the centre recrossed the thirty ninth parallel, moved fifty-nine miles westward, and was found at a point sixteen miles south of Clarksburg, Virginia. Southern Michigan and Wisconsin and Northern Indiana and Illinois had begun to fill up, and their population turned the balance to the northward. In 1850 it was still in Virginia, but close to the Ohio river, having moved fifty-five miles, and being at a point twenty-three miles southeast of Parkersburg. Again it was south of the thirty-ninth parallel, but only a distance of about a mile, the deflection being explained by the annexation of Texas. By 1860 it had reached a point twenty miles south of Chillicothe, Ohio, and a little north of the thirty-ninth parallel, having made the greatest progress ever made in a decade, the distance from the last point being eighty-one miles. This remarkable movement was caused by the settlement of the Pacific Coast—twelve persons in San Francisco, by reason of their distance from the pivotal point, counterbalancing forty persons in Boston. The next step was forty-two miles westward, and about twelve northward, which brought the centre into Highland county, Ohio, about forty-eight miles east by north of Cincinnati. It is believed that the apparent northern movement during this decade was caused by a defective enumeration of the colored population of the Southern States at the census of 1870. In 1880 the centre was near the village of Taylorsville, Kentucky, about eight miles west by south of Cincinnati, the westward progress being fifty-eight miles and the deflection to the south about eight.

In estimating the changes and progress of the future, we must not forget that, marvelous as is the growth of the New West, it is only a little more rapid than that of the great middle region between the Hudson and the Mississippi. The State of New York, it must be remembered, added 700,000 to her population between 1870 and 1880, Pennsylvania 460,000, and Ohio 532,000. The increase in each of these old States would make a Western State as populous as Nebraska.

Science and Art.

Meissonier's small picture of Napoleon I. sold recently in London for the enormous sum of \$29,000. The panel is 12½ inches in height, by 9½ wide. So high a price has never been known in England for a cabinet picture.

Some interesting objects have just been found in Neufchâtel, which are considered to throw a new light on the history of the lake dwellers. Amongst them are a carriage wheel with iron rim, iron swords, and many human bones.

The Council of the British Royal Geographical Society have decided on equipping an expedition to Eastern Africa for the exploration of the snow-capped mountains, Kenia and Kilimanjaro, and the country between them and the eastern shore of the Victoria Nyanza.

The surveyor to the Finnish Government, Herr Rodas, states that on June 25th, of this year, he carefully measured the height of a hole, bored according to authentic records two inches above the level of the sea, on the coast of Osterbotten, on June 25, 1755, and discovered that that part of the coast had risen in one hundred and twenty-seven years, six feet four inches, or more than half an inch per year.

Among several interesting paintings lately uncovered during the excavations in a garden of Region VIII., at Pompeii, there was one the subject of which seems identical with the Judgment of Solomon. In this mural painting the figures are all pygmies. In the centre is a bench with three judges; kneeling at their feet in an attitude of prayer, is a woman; farther towards the foreground is a butcher's table and upon it a naked babe, which a man is preparing to kill with a large knife, while beside him stands a second woman with an indifferent air. Soldiers and people close the scene.

Personal.

Arabi Bey, is the way to pronounce his name; accent on the second syllable. So says the Turkish Minister, Aristarchi Bey, who ought to know.

Colonel Shorter, the Rome, Ga., millionaire, left in his will a bequest of \$35,000, and 100 shares of railroad stock to the college that bears his name, as a permanent endowment, the income therefrom to be used for the employment of teachers and the assistance of needy students.

The late George Perkins Marsh, United States minister to Italy for more than twenty years, whose death was announced some time ago, was one of the ripest scholars in America. He was born at Woodstock, Vt., in the year 1800 and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1820. After practising law for some years, he was elected to Congress in 1842, and in 1849 President Taylor tendered him the Turkish mission. After four years' service at Constantinople, he was sent upon

a special mission to Greece. Upon the accession of President Lincoln he was made minister to Italy, retaining that post until his death, under six different administrations. His most important literary works are the "Compendious Grammar of the Old Northern or Icelandic Language," "The Camel," "Lectures on the English Language," "Origin and History of the English Language," and "The Earth, as Modified by Human Action."

Benjamin Harvey Hill, U. S. Senator from Georgia, who died August 16, was born in Jasper county, Georgia, September 14, 1823. In 1841 he entered the University of Georgia, from which he graduated in 1844 with the highest honors.

The malady which afflicted Senator Hill was developed two years ago, and was for some time neglected by him. He finally placed himself in the hands of an irregular practitioner in New York city, but without receiving any benefit. The neglect and improper treatment combined caused the disease to degenerate into epithelioma, by which the sublingual gland became more or less involved in the cancerous growth. Last summer he came to this city for treatment, and on July 20 Drs. Samuel D. Gross and William H. Pancoast performed an operation. Since that date Mr. Hill has frequently been in this city for further surgical treatment. He underwent four operations. Since the last one he has steadily failed, with brief intervals of relaxation in the symptoms. It transpires that Mr. Hill himself had not much faith from the start of a permanent cure, since cancer has been a fatal disease in his family. "But I cannot complain," he said not long since; "I have lived fifty-eight years, and I suppose no man ever lived fifty-eight happier years. It may be best that they be all." Mr. Hill was one of the ablest and most successful lawyers in the Southern States.

Items of Interest.

An entire Russian guard, with its non commissioned officers, has been sentenced to Siberia for life, for conspiracy to steal a treasure it had been sent to protect.

A Dublin medical student sought to bribe a London doctor to go to Dublin, and, under a disguise, pass the examination which he himself felt incompetent to undergo.

The Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in New York, has received a letter from India, written in Hindoo, asking for aid and advice for the formation of a similar society at Calcutta.

A man may be right in the bosom of his family sitting down to a big meal, knowing that he is rich and all right in every way yet will the sight of a telegraph messenger make him as nervous as a well-fed dog is made when he sees a boy pick up a stone and throw it in the opposite direction.—Puck.

The greatest anxiety will be felt in England by the families of the soldiers in Egypt. Its deadly distempers were fatal to the French army in the thirteenth century, and to those of Napoleon at the close of the eighteenth. One dreadful malady often prevalent there is the Egyptian ophthalmia. This sorely afflicted Bonaparte's army in 1778.

An area of 93,000 acres has been planted with trees in Kansas under the new law relating to arboriculture. The cotton tree was largely planted on account of its rapid growth, and 6,000 acres were set with walnut trees. The expectation is that this will operate, in course of time, to relieve the climate of its extreme dryness.

In 1854 the average cost of a Russian soldier's rations was \$19; in 1851 it was \$40. In 1856 his equipment, exclusive of arms and knapsack, cost \$11.25; it now costs \$18.25. The total weight which he carried in 1856 was 72 pounds; he now carries 62 pounds, although he is now provided with 84 cartridges instead of 60, and has lately been supplied with a new water bottle weighing two and a half pounds.

Probably no country of any state in the Union has produced more men of political distinction than has Franklin county, Pa., the home of the Hon. John Stewart, the candidate for governor of the Anti-Cameron Republicans of Pennsylvania. The following dignitaries have been furnished by that section: A President of the United States, a Secretary of State of the United States, a Secretary of the Interior of the United States, a minister of the United States to Russia, a minister of the United States to England, five senators of the United States, two United States Treasurers at Philadelphia, a major-general in the Continental Army, a brigadier-general in the Continental Army, a governor of the State of Pennsylvania, a governor of the State of Michigan, a governor of the State of Indiana, a governor of the Territory of Arizona, a judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, a treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania, a surveyor-general of Pennsylvania, a member of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, a member of the Council of Censors of Pennsylvania, two members of the famous convention at Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, June, 1776, the greatest railroad president in the world, and a general manager of the greatest railroad in the world.

Hamilton Palace, now the subject of so much attention, stands in Lanarkshire, ten miles from Glasgow. The original name of the ducal estate was Cadzow. It was Crown property, and granted by Bruce immediately after Bannockburn, in 1316, to Walter de Hamilton, who was of English stock. In 1445 the head of the house received a Scotch peerage as Baron Hamilton, and in 1474 he married Mary, daughter of King James II., and widow of the late Lord Arran. In the seventeenth century the dukedom became extinct, and Anne, Duchess of Hamilton in her own right, married Lord William Douglas. Thus the present duke is Hamilton in the female line only. Hamilton Palace was originally a square tower, twenty by sixteen feet. It was enlarged in 1591, and reared almost in 1822 with great splendor, when 28,056 tons of stone were employed. The front of the house has a splendid portico consisting of a double row of Corinthian pillars, each of one solid stone, the shaft being twenty-five feet in height. A wagon drawn by thirty horses brought each block from a quarry, eight miles. The palace stands close to the town.

In the grounds is a model, built in 1732, of the palace of Chatelherault, in Poitou, the duchy granted to the second earl—who had only Mary Queen of Scots between him and the crown of Scotland—by Henry II., of France. The hereditary keepership of Holyrood—entitling the duke to apartments in the palace—was granted to the historic Marquis of Hamilton by Charles I. of England, in gratitude for his services. The Duke of Hamilton in 1701 strongly opposed the union with England, and five hundred men assembled at Hamilton to take up arms against it, but the duke would not go that far.

Farm and Garden.

FEEDING HOGS ON HAY.—Most persons, no doubt, have seen hogs eating hay during the winter months, in but small quantities, it is true, but still eating it. If clover is cut when in fullest bloom, well cured, and stowed away, the hay becomes a valuable food for hogs, especially when fed but little else than corn. To utilize it, cut it in a cutting-box, a half to three-fourths of an inch long, mixed with bran, shorts or corn meal and moisten it with swill, or even water; if made scalding hot the better. Then let it stand for a few hours before feeding it out. Any of the grasses, if cut in bloom and made into hay, will answer a great purpose, but clover is preferable. Besides being valuable as food, hay thus fed is a preventive of disease in hogs fed on corn.

THE MANURE HARVEST.—In the midst of the harvest of grain and grass and tubers, we must not forget the compost heap, in which we garner and store the unsown crops of a future season. The saying that "anything that grows in one summer, will rot before the next," is a safe guide in collecting vegetable matter for the compost heap. When sods, muck, and weeds form a part of the heap, it is not alone the material which we are assiduous in collecting, and put into the heap, that constitutes its whole value. The fermentation induced by the dung and liquid manure, and the action of the lime or ashes added, work upon the earth, adhering to the roots of the weeds, and forming a considerable part of both sods and muck, and develop an admirable quality of plant food. Hence this element of the compost heap, which is generally overlooked as possessing any special value, should never be wanting. It has, moreover, its own offices to perform, in promoting decay, in the formation of humus, and in preserving, locking up, and holding on to valuable ingredients of plant food.

The compost heap should always be laid in even layers, and each layer should go over the entire heap, for thus only can final uniformity be had. We do not mean special-purpose composts, but those made for general farm crops. It would be well if every particle of dung, liquid manure, straw, litter, leaves, weeds, etc., could be worked together into uniform fine compost, and there is really no substantial reason why this should not be done. The gardener would plead for certain special composts. It might perhaps be well to make a special hen-manure compost for corn in the hill, and taking the general compost as a basis, to make one for turnips, by the addition of a large percentage of bone dust. All this may be done—establish once the rule to compost everything of manorial value, and we have in prospect a series of farm-made fertilizers at all times, and for all crops—victory over weeds, a good place for decomposable trash of all kinds, a sacred burial ground for all minor animals and poultry, whose precincts need never be invaded. There will besides be no stagnating pool in the barn-yard, for all liquids will go to the tank, to be pumped over the compost heaps; everything will be daily gathered for the growing compost heap, and the harvesting of the manure crop, and its increase day by day, all the year round, will be a source of constant pleasure to master and men.—American Agriculturist.

GROWING CELERY.—We know of no vegetable, says "Seedtime and Harvest," which is more rapidly coming into popular favor, and the demand for which is everywhere growing so rapidly, as celery. And yet there are thousands of gardens, especially among farmers, in which the first stalk of celery is yet to grow, and the gardener has yet to learn how to cultivate and handle it successfully. The manner of cultivating this delicious and healthful plant has been greatly simplified within the last few years. It is not long since it was supposed that to grow celery in this country, a trench some two feet in depth must be excavated, which of course moved all the good soil, which must be supplied, and the plants then set in the bottom so they could be earthed up and the stalks blanched as they grew. But few growers practice this laborious method now. Celery is naturally a salt water plant, thriving best in a rich, moist situation. The seeds must be sown very early, as they are usually full three weeks in germinating. A cool, moist situation should be chosen for a seed-bed. As the plant makes but slow growth during the hot and dry Summer months, they are usually not transplanted out until about the middle or last of July. Hence it is commonly made a second crop on land which has already been cleared of an early crop, such as peas or potatoes. Land which has been heavily manured early in Spring will be in better condition for celery than that on which the manure is applied just previous to setting the celery plants. The plant is a gross feeder, and requires rich as well as moist and cool soil. The plants should be set in slightly depressed rows fully five feet apart, and the plants about ten inches apart in the row. About the 1st of September the soil must be drawn up against them frequently enough to keep the stalks or branches from spreading. The more and oftener they are banked, observing that the central shoot or bud is not entirely covered so as to smother it, the better. Toward the last of October, a trench some eighteen inches deep and twelve inches wide is prepared in some dry place, where drainage is so perfect that no water can stand in it, and the celery is dug and packed in upright as it grew, considerable soil being left upon the roots that they may continue to grow and keep crisp. This row is now covered with boards, and over them a layer of refuse straw or leaves to keep out the frost. In this way it may be left out over Winter, if frost, water, and mice are kept out. There are many different varieties in cultivation, yet they do not differ so greatly from each other as the varieties of most vegetables. We think the excellence of

celery depends more upon the care which it receives in growing than upon the variety; yet there are some kinds better than others.

Books and Periodicals.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the Living Age for August 12th and 19th contain: American Society in American Fiction, Edinburgh Review; The Turning-Point of the Middle Ages, Contemporary; With the Emigrants, and Mohammed and His Teaching, Nineteenth Century; French Prisons and Convict Establishments, and A Deserted Garden, Cornhill; The Crimes of Colonization, Pall Mall; Alexandria, Saturday Review; Reminiscences of a Visit to Sir John Franklin, Chambers' Journal; Dickens as a Dramatist, Spectator; with installments of "Robin," "A Hansom Amateur," "The Ladies Lindores," "A Cat's Paw," and "George Considine," and selections of poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each or more than 3,800 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Married.

On the 2nd, at the home of the bride, by Rev. Geo. A. Whitmore, Mr. David Irwin to Miss Flora M. Allen; all of Dayton, Pa.

Obituaries.

Tribute of Respect.

At a meeting of the Consistory of the Reformed Church at Emmitsburg, held on the Tenth Sunday after Trinity (August 18th, 1882), the following action was taken:

WHEREAS It has pleased God in His all-wise Providence, to remove by death our beloved brother, Elder Mathias P. Zacharias, after a lingering illness,

Resolved That this consistory, bowing in humble submission to the Divine will, recognizes the wisdom that seeth, as we cannot, and knoweth best how to dispose of our lives.

Resolved That in the exemplary Christian life, fidelity in office, and patience under suffering, our departed brother has left us an example worthy of imitation; and that his death, in the prime of manhood, should be regarded as a call to renewed diligence on the part of us who survive, and increased vigilance in the discharge of duty, that our latter end, like his, may be blessed.

Resolved That we sincerely sympathize with his wife and his

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
Rev. J. H. SECHLER,
Rev. D. B. LADY,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

To CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1882.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR AND THE KORAN.

The true inwardness of war in the East, as far as the religious element is concerned, is at last coming to the surface. It has been noticed that the Sultan has been very reserved and non-committal as far as the outbreak in his territory is concerned. Notwithstanding all the demands made upon him by European Powers, he has thus far hesitated to declare Arabi Bey a rebel, and it now appears that he is not in a position to do this at all. The Sultan has frequently consulted the Mussulman jurists and they declare that as far as Arabi has disobeyed the Caliph he is a rebel, and can be unceremoniously treated as such; but in so far as he has become a defender of the Mahomedan country against the aggressive designs of Christians he has only fulfilled the duties of a good Mussulman, and consequently the Caliph cannot make common cause with England.

According to despatches dated, Constantinople, Aug. 14, "The Sultan may punish Arabi Pasha if some act of rebellion is proved against him; but he must not associate himself with those who wish to crush Arabi Pasha as the defender of Islam. A correspondent says this will greatly influence the Turkish military action. The strongest orders have been sent to the governors of Beyrut, Damascus and Aleppo to take exceptional care to secure public order and prevent an outbreak of the natives. Events in Egypt are greatly influencing the Syrian Mussulmans. The situation is such that a trifling incident would suffice to set the whole province ablaze."

It is easy to see how bitter and widespread this conflict may become. It may prove to be a religious war in the strictest sense, and the name of Allah and the "Sword of the prophet" may urge the millions of Mahomedans to rise up and fight with all the false enthusiasm that characterized them in the days of the Crusaders.

Prof. Blackie has resigned the chair of Greek in the University of Edinburgh after having held it for many years. No cause is publicly assigned for his retirement.

The wags want to know how it "happens" that the several Church conventions at Saratoga get there during the week of the races. That is meant as mere pleasantry of course; but in behalf of the Church conventions we have the fact of co-incidence and put in the plea of counter-acting influence. We always said that meetings at Chautauqua, or Ocean Grove, where religious services are the feature, are better than conventions at other places where gaming rules the roast. Camp-meetings now have a large per centage of considerations that pertain to health. We quoted a significant utterance from the *Methodist* on that point last week. If people must go to watering places, why not go as Christians and let the Christian element prevail. We would like to see the devil met on his own ground and utterly routed.

A Rev. Mr. Garretson, of the Kentucky region, comes to the front as a rival of Mr. Barnes, the revivalist. Both are anointing with oil, and Mr. Garretson points to the cures, in answer to Mr. Barnes, who pronounces him a humbug.

Now some one comes out on the subject of "Church going-bells," the sweet sound of which Alexander Selkirk missed so much, and says there are two sides to the question. He thinks that while some people may be disturbed by the eternal din others in the future will want a steam whistle upon their spires. Nothing less than a fog-horn will overcome the noise of the world and bring the people together.

It is well enough to be polite.—A party of enthusiastic excursionists down in Maine adopted a series of resolutions thanking every body and everything that had contributed to the pleasure of their trip, including the moonlight and the aurora bo-

realis. The synods that thank communities in which they assemble and the various Railroad companies, will now have to express their gratitude in greater detail.

We read of a German Princess, who devotes all her time to the study of cooking stoves, and it is further announced that a lady who lives in "Central New York State," near the lakes, and who has high family connections, and who is known in the best society in Washington, employs her time in summer in preserving and pickling small fruits and vegetables, at which she has great skill; and her sales reach \$20,000 a year. If any woman can solve the mysteries and the problem of cooking, so as to do away with her domestic annoyances, she will deserve the money earned and have the thanks of the world besides.

Dr. Austin Phelps, says: There are two classes of men in the clerical profession—there are the men who sustain the pulpit, and the men whom the pulpit sustains.

Summer educational institutes are being held in a number of the Southern States, and are remarkably successful in awakening popular interest in educational subjects.

PERSONALITIES.

Personalities in controversy are always an evidence that the one who uses them feels that his argument is growing weak. We have seen contests among boys which ended with one party retreating and *calling names*. When a controversy is ended, and the arguments on both sides are exhausted, you will sometimes see one of the contestants take his stand at a safe distance and call ugly names. He imagines himself a hero, has a bellowing voice, and can excel all others in the noise he continues to keep up after they are silent. He is at a safe distance from the scene of strife and can at any time make safe his retreat. Besides, if challenged, he can explain his personalities to mean anything in general and nothing in particular.

There are instances of this kind in the sphere of politics and also of religion. Honest men easily see through the mock-heroics, and turn away with a feeling of contempt. Discussion has for its true object to elicit truth. When that is the object sought after it is *prudent* to bear both sides of the argument. But when the argument becomes interlarded with low personalities, honorable men withdraw from it and leave the field to the mock hero. He imagines himself a victor, and grows bold in hurling forth his personalities, but it is only because no one will engage with him in such contests. He stands all alone in his glory.

LET WILFORD ANSWER.

It seems to us, that Wilford Hall's new philosophy has created a commotion rather more than equal to itself. His "Problem of Human Life" is no doubt a very earnest, and, in a certain way, learned and successful attack on the recent scientific attempts against the religion of the Bible. But we cannot regard him as the "Daniel come to judgment," by any means. A dozen works might be named, any one of which is as good for the purpose as Wilford's.

One of the most patent facts connected with the Wilfordian excitement is the amount of free advertising and notoriety, which certain small parties have secured by it. Having learned Mr. Hall's accessible point in his mental constitution, they load him with flattering letters, and he sends them a cargo in return, all of which is duly published; and it would be strange if the public, a portion at least, would not be overawed by the array of scholarly titles attached to the names of the letter writers, and wonder that they never heard of such great men before, or of the great colleges and "universities" at which they had

been students, and in which they are now "professors." Take one example out of a score, and see the admirable adroitness in the advertising business. A young college, established in the interest of a certain Christian sect, has been doing a good work in a small way for its own people; but now see it rise suddenly out of the shades of obscurity: its board of trustees confer on A. Wilford Hall (what in our simplicity we used to think only some great German university had the right to confer) the degree of *Doctor of Philosophy*. The correspondence and other public mention growing out of this rare *coup d'état* is spread broadcast, and the name now at the head of Hall & Co's publication, the "Microcosm," is "A. Wilford Hall, Ph. D." We

do not make sport of that college; we wish it success in all that is honest and good; but we think it ought to make itself known in a more modest way.

And now we would ask Mr Hall, first, why he spreads himself on such doubtful honors; and second, which is the question we care about his answering, why he dodged the main issue, or most important point in Prof. Brockett's criticism of his (Hall's) "Nature of Sound?"

This part of the "Problem of Human Life" we have not read, except the correspondence in reference to it, and which is appended to the main argument. One professor of physics (Brockett, of Western Maryland College) had the courage to dissent from Hall's theory on sound. His review of the new doctrine, covering only a page and a quarter, brief and to the point, is answered by Mr. Hall in a "rejoinder" which occupies no less than ten pages; and yet, with all that lavish expenditure of words, he says not a word in answer to the professor's best argument. Hall says the wave theory of sound is a pure fiction, and, like the twelfth juror, thinks he alone is right, against the testimony of the whole scientific world to the contrary. He says that sound is a substance, and flies off from the sounding body in corpuscles—and small enough to pass through the most dense bodies. What we consider Prof. B.'s best argument against this theory is this: That no sound can be heard from a sounding body that is under a receiver exhausted of air. A music box in such position cannot be heard; because there is no air to put in motion by the vibration of the elastic body.

Now, if there is any meaning in Mr. Hall's theory, it must mean that the minute particles that are driven off, say from an anvil struck by a hammer, are of the nature of projectiles, as shot forced from a gun. Such being the case, if the new theory be correct, there could be nothing in the way of the sound coming from a music box, first through a vacuum, then through substance to the ear. Let Wilford answer his critic on this point and not attempt to overwhelm him with a storm of words, which only darken counsel. It is time this self-confident philosophizer be brought to and held to the point. K.

PRACTICAL WORK.

The peaceful words that we hear from the east and west indicate that the controversies in the Church are over, and that the time for united practical work has come. In all directions our missionary outposts are extending their lines, penetrating farther and farther into the destitute places and planting mission churches. The Church is coming to a deeper consciousness of the great work that is to be done, and of its ability to do it when its resources and energies are united. And nothing serves so well to unite these energies as the work of missions. Those who

come to know the wants of the destitute, who study the necessities of missionary labor, and the fair prospects opening up for extending the borders of the Church, are disposed to forget internal differences and unite against the common foe. Internal differences there are in all churches, but nothing is gained by continually dwelling upon these. The best cure for all such spiritual dyspepsia is to engage in faithful work for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom. This is quite as important as the study of the Catechism. "He that doeth my will shall know of the doctrine." Let the Church be faithful to this call to practical work, and it will go far to clear away the cobwebs spun by theological contestants.

Rev. H. K. Binkley, our general agent, reports he has secured twenty-five new subscribers for the MESSENGER and twenty-seven for the *Hausfreund* in the Codorus charge, York County, Pa., Rev. S. F. Laury, pastor.

Communications.

HISTORY OF EMANUEL'S CHARGE, YORK COUNTY, PA.

BY REV. J. D. ZEHRING.

The Emanuel's charge of Zion's Classis, in the Reformed church, is portion of the once famous Geiger's or Manchester charge. At present this charge comprises the congregations, Jefferson (St. Emanuel's), Stone Church (St. Jacob's), Shaefers' (Zion's), and Dubs (St. Paul's). The three former are located in Codorus, and the latter in Manheim township, York county, Pa. The territorial extent of the charge is, from east to west, about ten or eleven miles, and from north to south, about nine miles. The present confirmed number of membership of this charge is over 600, all told. The oldest of these four congregations is Stone Church congregation. The time when this congregation was organiz-

ed is not easy to tell, since, as it is so often the case in Church matters, we are in want of the proper documents. Likely the Rev. Mr. Schlauder made a start, at least of a preaching point, here. It had been so near his route to Maryland and Virginia, and adjoining the Lischey's congregation, where he had been repeatedly preaching. At least the Rev. Missionary Muhlenberg preached about three quarters of a mile from the church location for the Lutherans. This is about all I can find to say about the start of the congregation and first church edifice, only what may be ascertained from a preserved paper manuscript, from which we gather the following:

"On the 12th day of June, in the year of our Lord 1788, to the honor of the great God, we undersigned Reformed and Lutheran members, united assembled at the St. Jacob's Church, in Codorus township, York county, Pa., have agreed to build a new church, (Gottesfreund.) "The necessity of this is visible to every one that assembles here on the Lord's Day." Then further in this manuscript it says, "That whosoever is not willing to help or assist in the erection of this edifice, according as the Lord has prospered him, especially such who call themselves members of the St. Jacob's church, must bear in mind that they are excluded from all the privileges (vorrechten) of this church, and considered as an infidel and a heathen." The whole of this manuscript is published in the *Hausfreund*, Vol. I., No. 6.

According to this extract there must have been a church edifice, and not only a schoolhouse, and also a well-worn out one at the place where this now Third St. Jacob's church stands.

The church built in 1788, and in the following year dedicated, had been a stone building, wherefore the name *Stone Church*, although the present one is built of brick.

The second church edifice lasted as a house of worship for the two congregations for a period of 63 years, namely, to the year 1851. The walls have considerably given way, and the whole too small for the then strong in membership, congregations, they again united in building a new and more spacious church.

The congregations own, on which their church, and close to the church, a schoolhouse, and with it a dwelling is erected, nearly fifty acres of land. When this land was bought I can't ascertain, since the Deed for the same is lost, and no individuals seem to know anything about buying, or selling, or building, or doings of the forefathers.

The present membership of this Reformed congregation (at least when the present catechetical class is confirmed, which will be upwards of 30) is about 300, all told.

The different Reformed pastors of this very old congregation, which I must nearly all give from hearsay, were the following: Before Rev. John Christopher Gobrecht, who according to a manuscript book I got from Benjamin Leese, Esq., and now preserved in the archives of the German Reformed church at Lancaster, commenced his labors here about the year 1780, left somewhere about 1810. Rev. Charles Helfenstein was his successor. After this followed Revs. Fred. A. Scholl and Jacob Geiger, from about 1816 to 1818, to the time of his death. This was his first and last charge. Then Samuel Gutelius, Joel S. Reber (only about six months when he died. He is buried at this church in 1856), H. Ben'z (Reber's assistant), J. C. J. Kurtz, and since spring 1864 Jacob D. Zehring. The two catechetical classes confirmed respectively in 1865 and 1867, numbered 34 and 45.

Later information—The Deed for the Stone Church land was granted in 1787.

JEFFERSON (EMANUEL) CONGREGATION.

The town of Jefferson, in Codorus township, which is now a borough of nearly 80 votable inhabitants, was laid out in 1814, by Mr. Frederick Kraft, and soon after a schoolhouse was erected in said town. This town is about four miles north of Stone Church, and about 3 miles south of Lischey's Church; to the former the most of the church-going people went to worship. Thus it continued for a time of ten to twelve years, when the Reformed Lutheran members made a united effort to establish and organize congregations in their schoolhouse. Accordingly, the Rev. Em. Keller commenced preaching here, on the Lutheran side, on the 24th of December, 1826. Soon after the Rev. Samuel Gutelius followed him on the Reformed side, and from that period on preaching on both sides had been pretty regularly kept up. Soon the schoolhouse became too small and inconvenient for the growing congregations, which induced them to build the present church edifice in 1830, and was dedicated as the Lutheran and Reformed St. Emanuel's Church of Jefferson. The building is a wooden one, weatherboarded and decorated, with steeple, bell, and organ, besides the common conveniences of a church, with three sides gallery.

The present number of confirmed membership is about 150. A catechetical class is at present under way of instruction here, on the Reformed side, of which, at least 25, will soon be confirmed.

The Reformed pastors of this congregation were Revs. S. Gutelius, Jacob Geiger, after Geiger's death, Gutelius again; then F. W. Vandersloot (only one year), Joel S. Reber (died in about six months time), H. Ben'z (Reber's assistant), J. C. J. Kurtz, and Jacob D. Zehring, the present pastor, since spring 1864.

The spirit of fanaticism has made, at certain intervals, great havoc here, but has done its work.

DUBS (ST. PAUL'S) CONGREGATION.

The distance from Hanover to Stone Church is in an easterly direction, over ten miles, and between these two points there was no church edifice whatever. The Revs. Gutelius and J. Seehler, when pastors at Hanover, preached at intervals in the private dwelling of Mr. David Runkel. Later, the Reformed and Lutherans, in connection with the old "Brethren" (Dunkards), united to build a commodious house of worship about three miles east of Hanover, called "Wildesdon's School-house." This had been well enough for time and circumstances. But later the Lutheran and Reformed united in building a better and more convenient church, at a more central point. Their united efforts were crowned with success in the form of the present commodious brick built Dubs church.

Father Daniel Dubs donated one acre of land at the public road where there had been started in former years, a small burying-ground. The church was built in 1853.

The Reformed congregation worshipping at Dubs church is a very flourishing one. The first communion the present pastor had there was in the spring of 1864, with 90 guests.

Four years later he had at the same place 190. The confirmed membership is now about 200.

The pastors on the Reformed side were, Revs. Jacob Seehler (merely supply), Joel L. Reber, H. Ben'z, his assistant, J. C. J. Kurtz, and Jacob D. Zehring, the present pastor.

Only a small portion of this congregation formerly belonged to the Geiger's charge.

SHAEFER'S (ZION'S) CHURCH.

This is the fourth and last church and congregation of the present Emanuel charge, and also a portion of the once famous Geiger's charge. The church is a very neat, one story brick building, erected in the year 1861 at the road from Manchester, Maryland, to York, Pa., in Codorus township, and about three miles east from Jefferson. Formerly, how long a time, I am unable to tell, they had preaching there in a small schoolhouse, without any organization whatever. The church is also owned by Reformed and Lutherans in common union, and has a small thinly settled territorial extent. It will hardly ever become strong on either side. Still they show a fine effort.

The Reformed membership is at present, all told, about 37. The first communion held by the present pastor two years ago, numbered 19 guests; the one last spring, including 11 catechumens, 36.

The Reformed pastors of this little flock were, first, Rev. F. W. Vandersloot, and since September, 1867, Jacob D. Zehring, the present pastor.

EMANUEL'S CHARGE PARSONAGE.

Formerly the congregations comprising this charge had their pastors either in Hanover, Manchester, or York, with the exception of Rev. J. L. Reber, who dwelt his short time among them. (Rev. F. A. Scholl, I think, lived in Shrewsbury.) The present one preferred living in their midst, in the town of Jefferson. Accordingly they had rented a house for him and family, and even had bought it at a certain time, but had made no written agreement, wherefore it was not binding, and so it went in some other direction for more money. This induced the charge to make a united effort to erect a new parsonage.

The congregations own, on which their church, and close to the church, a schoolhouse, and with it a dwelling is erected, nearly fifty acres of land. When this land was bought I can't ascertain, since the Deed for the same is lost, and no individuals seem to know anything about buying, or selling, or building, or doings of the forefathers.

The present membership of this Reformed congregation (at least when the present catechetical class is confirmed, which will be upwards of 30) is about 300, all told.

The Jefferson church is right at the door almost of the new parsonage, the Shaefers' is three miles off, the Stone Church four miles, and the Dubs four and a half.

The charge is, in all respects, a very convenient one, excepting the schools, which have ample room for improvement. Even the Sunday schools are rather in a close condition.

The people of the charge, in general, are a church-going people, also do support their pastor reasonably well. Jefferson congregation cannot, in general, altogether be included in the latter remarks.

With this I will close my remarks, I think it enough to form the necessary history of the charge for preservation. If anything more is wanted please let me know it in due time.

Codorus, York county, Pa.,

December 24, 1868.

During the week I had taken a severe cold, and when Sunday came it seemed to be worse. It also rained very much, but we went. Mrs. Gring went along to help with the singing. We took a double rikisha and started off in the rain, and when we got there, my teacher was there to welcome us with his smiling face. Presently in came the daughter of the house with tea, and presented her good wishes. After waiting little while we sang a hymn and offered prayer. Then we sang again my teacher read a portion of the word of God, then we sang again, and then I began to preach. There were twelve present, men, women and children. None of these had ever heard the Gospel before. When I began to read my sermon they seemed to be trying to find the place in their hymn books. Poor people! I pitied them very much. I went on through very calmly, and was very much delighted for the privilege of preaching the Gospel to these people in their own language. The pleasure I experienced in my own soul while preaching the first sermon, seemed to compensate me for all the previous sacrifices and labors I had made. I am sure did our young men at home know the joy of preaching the Gospel to a people for the first time in their own language, there would be numbers of them giving the Board and Church no rest until they were sent to the heathen. I can conceive of no greater pleasure than that of teaching the heathen to worship the God who made them and the Saviour who redeemed them. After my sermon we sang again, and then my teacher took up the line of thought and spoke very nicely to them about the Gospel, and that this was the first day of our opening. He then closed with prayer, after which we sang again, and then we announced that there would be preaching here every Sunday, and also Sunday-school, after which we left, much encouraged indeed. My teacher remained to have a private talk with some people there in the neighborhood. We started with closed doors. We did not advertise it, for the reason that we wanted to have a better chance to work on a few at first. It was made known by the old man, and those who were there from the immediate neighborhood.

Last Sunday we had another wet day, but we went and had an audience of twenty, and very attentive. I preached without manuscript. I found that I could interest the people more. I enjoyed talking to them of the Saviour of the world as my theme. We had a very pleasant service, and I know they were benefited. In the afternoon we returned to begin Sunday-school, and when we came to the place we heard children sing, and when we opened the sliding doors, there were five children with my teacher and his wife singing. We entered and soon began to sing, and had a prayer, then singing again. After this I began to teach them the first question and answer of the Heidelberg Catechism which I had written in Chinese on a blackboard. I read it over once with them, and then had them to read it again and again until they had it committed. I then sang a stanza of a hymn two or three times and then went back to the question on the board. They were very much pleased and so were the men who were present, twelve in all. It was indeed enjoyable labor. I explained to them who God, Christ and Satan were, and what Heaven is. We were both very much pleased with our first Sunday-school. I must close now though I have more to say. Yours in Christ, A. D. GRING.

CORNER-STONE OF A NEW REFORMED CHURCH.

On the 12th of August, 1882, the cornerstone of a new Reformed church, near Shirleysburg, Huntingdon county, Pa., was laid with appropriate religious services. The pastor, Rev. C. H. Reiter, was assisted by Rev. A. G. Dole of Huntingdon, Pa. The latter preached an appropriate and instructive sermon to a respectable and attentive audience. Rev. Mr. Singer, of Shirleysburg, Pa., of the M. E. Church, was present, and also took part in the services. The edifice will be 28x40 feet. Being located on somewhat of an eminence, it can be seen from a distance, and when it is finished it will be an ornament to that section of the country, and an honor to the liberality of the congregation and the people.

C. H. R.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Rev. S. B. Schafer, lately of Milton, Pa., has accepted a call from the Manheim charge, and accordingly his address will be Manheim, Lancaster county, Pa.

At a special meeting of East Susquehanna Classis, held at Hazleton, Pa., August 1, the Licentiate, Jacob J. Rothrock, was received from Tohickon Classis. A call to him from the Hazleton charge, consisting of the Emmanuel Reformed English congregation at Hazleton, and a congregation recently organized at Freeland, was confirmed. A committee consisting of Revs. T. Derr, T. J. Barkley, and S. S. Kohler was appointed to install him. This committee attended to the duty assigned them on the evening of the same day. Rev. T. J. Barkley delivered an address on the mediatorial character of the ministerial office, after which the committee, assisted by the Rev. D. Rothrock, father of the young brother, solemnly ordained Jacob J. Rothrock to the work of the ministry, and installed him pastor of the Hazleton charge.

An impressive address was then delivered by the Rev. T. Derr on the relation between pastor and people. May this relation be blessed to the good of many souls, and to the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world.

STATED CLERK.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURG.

At a communion held at Harrison City, August 13, Rev. D. B. Lady's charge, 7 persons, all heads of families, were received into the church.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

At a special meeting of Virginia Classis, recently held at Middlebrook, Va., the call extended to Rev. S. L. Whitmore from the Middlebrook charge was read and found in order. A committee consisting of Revs. J. C. Bowman and B. R. Carnahan was appointed to install him as a pastor of said charge. These services were held on Saturday evening, July 29, Rev. J. C. Bowman delivering the charge to the pastor, and Rev. B. R. Car-

nahan the charge to the people. The Holy Communion was observed on the Sunday following, at which time, three persons, heads of families, were added to the church. All the services incident to these occasions were well attended and much interest was manifested. The pastor has already done a good work in the charge, and there is promise of its being much greater in the future. A Sunday-school, but lately organized in Middlebrook, now numbers about 130 scholars.

We have here an evidence of what can be accomplished when work is energetically carried forward and concentrated.

STATED CLERK.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY NOTICE.

The fall term of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church, Lancaster, will commence on Thursday, September 7, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in the College Chapel. The opening address to the students will be delivered by Prof. John S. Stahr.

E. V. GERHART,
President of Faculty.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the Pittsburgh Board of Missions will be held September 5, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in Grace Church, Pittsburgh. The members of the Board are all requested to be present.

The missionaries within the bounds of Pittsburgh Synod are also hereby instructed to send their reports to Rev. F. Pilgram, Greenville, Mercer county, Pa., in time, to be presented to the Board at the above-named meeting.

SAMUEL Z BEAM,
President of Board.

Mount Pleasant, Aug. 16, 1882.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

Pittsburgh Synod will meet in General Convention in Trinity Reformed church, Red Bank charge, Clarion county, Pa., September 20, A. D. 1882, at 7:30 o'clock, P. M.

The permanent rule requires that pastors send the Credentials of their delegates to the stated clerk at least ten days before the time of meeting, and pastors are requested to attend to this matter.

All persons proposing to attend Synod will please notify Mr. Jacob Brinker, West Millville, Clarion county, Pa., of their intention, that entertainment may be provided.

Buy your tickets to Oak Ridge Station, on the Low Grade R. R., a branch of the A. V. R., connecting at Red Bank with the A. V. R. The Clerk will forward Excursion orders as heretofore.

H. F. KEENER, Clerk.
Berlin, Somerset Co., Pa.

THE JAPANESE STUDENT AT LANCASTER.

The Japanese student in college at Lancaster is just entering upon his fourth year of study and his second in college. The kind friends who have hitherto aided him, and others who are interested in his welfare and prospective work, are hereby requested to send in their contributions. Unless some new and additional contributions are made his expenses cannot be met, and he may be compelled to cease his studies and stop in his course. Will not more kind friends come to his help? So far as we know the Board of Missions have not made any appropriation to aid him, and he is therefore entirely dependent on the contributions of the friends who have thus far aided him, and such others as may be willing now to do so. Let the reader of the MESSENGER make a note of this. Surely the church is willing to support one student from the country where our foreign mission is established. Contributions may be sent to any one of the undersigned committee.

T. G. APPLE,
J. S. STAHR,
J. H. DUBBS.

Lancaster, Aug. 18, 1882.

CONNEAUT LAKE REFORMED ASSOCIATION.

The Reformed people of North-western Pennsylvania, at least those under the jurisdiction of St. Paul's Classis, contemplate the organization of an association which is to meet yearly at the above-named lake.

Conneaut Lake is beautifully situated in Crawford county, about seven miles west of Meadville, and since the completion of the Linesville branch of the E. & P. R. R., this place has rapidly risen into general favor as a summer resort. On the 24th of August the Reformed churches of Crawford and Mercer counties, will meet for the purpose of organizing, and it is proposed after this year to hold meetings yearly for a number of days and to discuss such questions as will aid in furthering church work.

OPENING OF THE COLLEGE AT LANCASTER.

The fall term in Franklin and Marshall College, at Lancaster, Pa., will open on Thursday, September 7th, ensuing, at 10 o'clock, A. M., with religious service in the College Chapel. The opening address will be delivered by Rev. Prof. John S. Stahr. Applicants for admission into College who have not already been examined, are requested to be present in the lecture room of the President on Wednesday preceding the day of opening, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Students are requested to be punctual in their attendance. A large number of new students have already been examined and admitted, and a considerable number more have made application to be received. Altogether the accession will be very encouraging.

The Franklin and Marshall Academy, under the care of Prof. James Crawford, will open at the same time. A very important addition to the teaching force has been made which will greatly increase its efficiency.

A new steward will occupy Harbaugh Hall, and improvements will be made in refurbishing the rooms so far as it is necessary, in order to make them comfortable and pleasant. Members of the two lower classes are requested to take rooms in the Hall, and members of the higher classes are also invited to do so as far as the accommodations, either in

the Hall or the Academy, will permit. In addition to the steward a member of the faculty will have charge of the Hall.

J. H. DUBBS,
Secretary of the Faculty.
Lancaster, Aug. 18, 1882.

A FEW HINTS.

In our management of business we have two departments:—Periodical and Book—each under different heads, with one superintendent over both.

For the sake of convenience and despatch in giving attention to matters relating to each, we request those having business to transact with either or both, to address all communications, not to any individual person connected with these departments, but to the *Reformed Church Publication Board*. This will insure prompt attention to any matter of business in either department. Also, that business matters with these departments—periodical and book—should be written on separate slips of paper. This again will insure an earlier attention to all matters whatever they may be, and avoid errors.

Frequently we are requested to charge subscriptions for periodicals to individual accounts on our books in book department, and transfer credit on them to periodical department. All this creates confusion and causes a mixture one with the other. To give each department its proper credit in the way of receipts, all accounts must be kept separate and distinct. Correspondents and patrons will bear in mind that such requests will, hereafter, not be complied with.

Also, correspondents are particularly requested not to put any item of Church news on the same page containing business with the Board. It must be on a separate slip to insure an insertion in the MESSENGER.

CHARLES G. FISHER,
Superintendent and Treasurer,
Reformed Ch. Pub. Bd.

907 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

General News.

HOME.

STERLING, Kansas, August 15.—A severe thunder-storm, accompanied with hail and heavy wind, passed over this section this afternoon. The wind did great damage to buildings, smoke-stacks, etc.

The remains of United States Senator Hill, of Georgia, were interred on Saturday afternoon, the escort being composed of the Atlanta, Ga., bar, the United Senatorial Committee, and a long line of carriages containing his relatives.

The Kansas yield of wheat is now put at 35,000,000 bushels. The corn crop will yield 190,000,000 bushels. Missouri shows 35,000,000 bushels of wheat, and will lead all the other States in corn. The most reliable estimate places the corn crop at 250,000,000 bushels.

WASHINGTON, August 15.—A gigantic oak at Mount Vernon, which has always been known as "Washington's Oak," was destroyed by a stroke of lightning a few days ago. The tree had many historic associations, and gained its name from the fact that the President's favorite resting place after the heat and labors of the day was beneath its grateful shade.

BANGOR, Me., August 15.—The most destructive tornado ever experienced in this vicinity visited Bangor at 6 o'clock this evening. The wind blew with terrific velocity and the rain fell in sheets, converting the streets into roaring streams, the whole accompanied by incessant thunder and lightning. The destruction to property is very great and will swell to large proportions. Buildings were blown down, roofs taken off, and signs and awnings carried away.

MADISON, Wis., August 15.—One of the most violent storms ever known here passed over the city last night and this morning, and seems to have been confined to a radius of about 25 miles about here. The cloud burst near Cross Plains, deluging the whole valley. Black Earth Creek rose with such rapidity that two freight trains were halted as a matter of safety. Let the reader of the MESSENGER make a note of this. Surely the church is willing to support one student from the country where our foreign mission is established. Contributions may be sent to any one of the undersigned committee.

T. G. APPLE,
J. S. STAHR,
J. H. DUBBS.

LONDON, August 20.—The *Daily News* has the following despatch from Constantinople: "The Sultan is understood to be more averse than ever to the issuance of the proclamation of Arabi Pasha and the acceptance of the proposal for a military convention. The fanatical party are, for the moment, entirely in the ascendant. The growing sympathy of the people here with Arabi Pasha is daily causing the palace increased anxiety. Several arrests have already been made of persons too strongly outspoken in support of Arabi. Inflammatory religious preaching has been prevalent in the mosques, notoriously in that of St. Sophia, during the Ramadan, or annual Mahomedan Lent, which is now being observed."

Major General Wood and staff made a reconnoissance from the outposts at Ramleh today without any intention of engaging serious military operations. When near Arabi Pasha's outposts the enemy sent a steady shower of rifle bullets accompanied by rockets and shells, among our men from batteries masked by trees. The iron-clad train proceeded to Mahalla Junction and opened fire with the 40-pounder, pitching four shots into the enemy's quarters. It is reported that four English soldiers were wounded during the afternoon.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—The Eastern Telegraph Company announces that Port Said was occupied at 3 o'clock this afternoon; earthworks had been thrown up between the European and Arab quarters of the town.

This morning Ismailia also was occupied by the British, and the rebel troops were driven from Nefic. The British have possession of the telegraph line from Port Said to Suez.

A despatch from Port Said to the Exchange Telegraph Company, dated 7 A. M., says: Sailors are landing and are disarming the natives, who offer no resistance. Several transports and men of war are anchored here, and a fleet numbering seven is coming in. The gunboats Dee and Don have entered the canal.

WANTED.

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The above Tract is now being rapidly put in type, and in the course of a few days will be ready for distribution. It is certainly a tract that will be judged by all as treating the subject briefly, honestly, and practically. We wish it to have a wide circulation throughout the length and breadth of our Church, and be scattered among those outside of us, who know us not as a Church, and should be acquainted with our history, genius and work. We trust Pastors will supply themselves with it, and distribute it wherever they go out and in among their people. We hope laymen also will take an interest in the matter and send for copies of it, which they may hand out to their friends and neighbors.

It will be composed of eight pages and printed on good paper and in clear type. We will furnish it at the following cash rates, postpaid:

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Address:
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907 Arch Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

July 26, 1882.

N. B.—Owing to the necessity of putting the Tract in the most attractive and readable form, we have to put it in eight pages—large type—instead of four, as first proposed. This increases the expense greatly, and we are obliged to change slightly the prices, as noted above.

R. C. P. B.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Wishing to bring our business as far as possible to a cash basis, after August 1st next, we shall allow an extra discount of 5 per cent. on all bills as rendered in our Book Department, if paid at the time of purchase or within 30 days from date of same.

In the Periodical Department our terms are cash in advance as before, but with no discount. We trust our subscribers will bear this in mind.

Receiving cash, we can buy for cash, and thus buy and sell cheaper. Our customers will thus aid us and themselves, and our operations will be extended, our receipts larger, and the Publication Board be what it ought to be—a paying institution, and doing a vast amount of good, equal, in proportion, to any other. Pastors, Sunday-school superintendents, and laymen, have it in their power to bring this about at an early date. The Board would not need to ask for aid if those who are indebted to it would pay up in full, and thereafter pay cash.

CHARLES G. FISHER,
Superintendent and Treasurer,
Ref. Church Pub. Board.

July 5, 1882.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We offer as inducements to our subscribers (our long standing rule), for cash payment, the following:

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Youth's Department.

ON THE BEACH.

Gathering up the pebbles,
Delving in the sand,
Building mimic castles,
Wading hand in hand
With one's little neighbors,
Happy smiles for each,—
Ah! 'tis surely pleasant,
Playing on the beach.
Dimpled feet swift treading
The huge billow's track,
Rosy fingers flinging
Merry kisses back,
Little people striving
First the shore to reach,—
Ah! 'tis very pleasant,
Playing on the beach.
—Our Little Ones.

THE FLY-CATCHER.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

Do you know what fly-catchers are like, with their beautiful Quaker plumage, of a soft light brown, and such great, round, black eyes and sharp beaks? If you could see them poised themselves so gracefully on a rose-bush, or some other bush, with sweet flowers, as they are watching for insects on which they live, catching the poor unsuspecting creatures so quickly as to give them no means of escape, you would think it was very prettily done. Flies and gnats are their especial delight; and this is why they are called "fly-catchers."

If you were here in our summer home, and could watch the doings of these birds, I am sure you would be greatly entertained; but as you are not, I am going to tell you somewhat about our *Vermont* fly-catchers.

But I must first introduce you to the prettiest little old-fashioned cottage in the world, surrounded as it is by trees of more than forty years' growth, a well-stocked flower and vegetable garden, a lawn so smoothly cut and so level as to look more like a piece of emerald colored velvet than grass of any soil. I want to call your attention particularly to the one old maple-tree directly opposite the south bow window of the low summer parlor where, when the days are hottest, the inmates find the most refreshing rest.

Of course, one cannot sit day after day at any window in the country where there may be foliage, if they are at all observant, and not see many wonderful architects among the birds, busily at work at this season of the year and even later. Robins, wrens, wood-peckers, blue-birds, whip-poor-wills, sparrows, and hosts of other native birds. They are never weary in the building of their nests and providing for their young. How many of these little homes are being built now all over this broad land, and how many little throats are singing for very joy that the glad springtime has come again.

It is always interesting to watch the wonderful ingenuity and dexterity displayed by the different tribes of birds in the construction of these *homes*.

When we consider that, unlike us, they have no hands to do their bidding, but must work with their bills alone, we might naturally expect that some rudeness or lack of neatness would be visible in their structures; but it is not so. They certainly have as much system, and an understanding as good, in regard to the wants of a bird family, as we, who are human architects, have for ours. Perhaps we might say they had better *sense* in proportion to their wants!

But the little round nest of the dear fly-catcher in the maple, of which I have spoken, is just now, in these early June days, claiming our special attention, as well as a wren's nest not far away, of which I shall tell you by-and-by.

They are working away "for dear life," not a moment of time to lose!—weaving every conceivable thing into their nest, even to bits of decayed wood, fibres of dry stalks of weeds, pieces of paper, commonly newspaper—a material so often used as to earn for them in England the name of "politician!" All these substances are interwoven with the silk of caterpillars, and the inside lined with dried grass and hair. Sometimes, instead of webs for a binding material, they use flax and hemp to interweave with moss. In fact, this bird is much more fond of the latter material than any other—strings of any sort, bits of rope, clothes line, for instance! They bring into service all sorts of ravellings too. They have a great eye to the *ornamental*, as you will see when I tell you about another pair of fly-catchers, and how they tried to adorn their little home, some five years ago.

Coming back to an unfinished nest, from which they had been routed, the summer before, they had nearly completed it, when

one morning such a fluttering was heard, first one bird and then the other flying backward and forward, arresting the attention of all the occupants of the cottage. The nest then made was nearly out of sight, just between the wooden lattice and the boughs of a Basault rose bush, which had completely covered it. Again and again came the flutter. Something must be wrong! And what do you think it was? You could not guess. There on the ground was one of these tiny birds struggling in a most desperate manner with something long and white! Then the mate came to its assistance, and together they struggled to get it to the nest; but the weight of the streamer was so great that their very best efforts proved unavailing. What was this white pendant? You will laugh when you know!

In the early morning a long piece of fine thread lace had been put upon the grass to bleach: three yards or more. How well the mother bird knew that this costly lace would adorn that little nest and make a soft resting-place for the baby birds when they should come! The lace was too costly to be converted to such use; but in its place were put strips of muslin, a little soft wadding, and two shorter strips of common lace, feeling sure that they would select the cotton, because it would make the softest nest.

In an hour or two the little fly-catchers came again on a tour of inspection, which they made thoroughly; but still determined on adorning their nest, they chose the lace. Measuring the pieces with their keen black eyes, they decided upon the shortest first, which they carried away quite easily. Then back for piece number two, which was longer than the other. This could not be managed as well, and though part of it was used in the nest, a yard or more¹ hung over the side, trailing down among the roses; and the little mother, as she sat upon her eggs, would look first at the prettily adorned nest, and then over to the little white banner floating in the wind, as much as to say, "Never was nest so beautiful as mine. What bird ever thought of using lace before!"

Now, will you not like the fly-catchers after this account of their pretty doings?

There are many varieties, and they all build their nests with the greatest neatness, and exhibit in their structure more or less of this peculiar skill. Even those that make very slender nests are most earnest to interweave the greatest variety of materials; and, what is very remarkable, some of these materials are tightly sewed through and through with long horsehairs, sometimes measuring two feet or more in length, and all the needle they have is their tiny bill.

The fly-catchers always arrive "in the nick of time." At precisely the same date it is said, they appear season after season.

"What time the daisy decks her green,
Their certain voice we hear.
Have they a star to guide their path
Or mark the rolling year?"

No; only the unerring instinct which the Creator of all gives them, that they may minister directly or indirectly to the promotion of His plans. What a wonderful God we have!—*N. Y. Observer*.

BARBERS' POLE.

In the records of the English Parliament for the last century we read that Lord Thurlow, when he opposed the Surgeons' Incorporation Bill in the House of Peers, on the 17th July, 1797, stated that by a statute still in force, the barbers and surgeons were each to use a pole. The barbers were to have theirs blue and white striped, with no other appendage; but the surgeons', while the same in other respects, were likewise to have a gallipot and a red rag to denote the particular nature of their vocation.

The origin of the barbers' pole is to be traced to the period when the barbers were also surgeons, and practiced bleeding. To assist this operation, it being necessary for the patient to grasp a staff, a stick or a pole was always kept by the barber surgeon, together with the fillet or bandage he used for tying the patient's arm. When the pole was not in use, the tape was tied to it, that they might be both together when wanted.

On a person coming in to be bled, the tape was disengaged from the pole and bound round the arm, and the pole was put into the person's hand. After the operation was concluded, the tape was again tied on the pole, and pole and tape were often hung at the door for a sign or notice to passers-by that they might there be bled. Doubtless the competition for custom was great, for our ancestors believed thoroughly in bleeding, and they

demanded the operation frequently. At length, instead of hanging out the identical pole used in the operation, a pole was painted with stripes round it, in imitation of the real pole and bandage, and thus came the sign.

That the use of the pole in bleeding was very ancient appears from an illustration in a missal of the time of Edward I. In other ancient volumes there are engravings of the like practice. "Such a staff," says Brand, who mentions these graphic illustrations, "is to this very day put into the hand of patients undergoing phlebotomy by every village practitioner."—*Harper's Young People*.

LITTLE SINS.

Mr. Moody gave the children in Glasgow, Scotland, a striking object-lesson in one of the recent children's meetings in that city. Producing from his pocket half-a-dozen reels of white thread he paid them out among the audience until the white threads were stretched along the galleries and from bench to bench. He gave no explanation of the meaning of this procedure until the process was completed, and by that time the curiosity of the children was fully roused.

"Could any boy or girl break that thread?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Yes, yes," came up from all parts of the hall.

"Break it to bits, then," said Mr. Moody, and in an instant the thread was torn to pieces. Then Mr. Moody went on:

"Although that thread is a very little thing—a thing which even a child can break—I could bind the strongest man with it. I could wind it round and round him until he was a helpless prisoner, and he could never break it and escape."

Following up on this line Mr. Moody gave a short and impressive talk on little sins, retaining the children's serious and eager attention to the close. The general work in Glasgow is progressing admirably. Both evangelists have declined for the present the recent invitation to begin work in London. They do not feel that their work in the North is yet finished.

THE FLOWER TOT FOUND.

"What is it that keeps my gay little girl
So silent this long, long while?"
"Oh, I'm tryin' to 'member God, mamma,"
Said Tot, with a happy smile.

"This morning I went to the little brook,
And what do you think comes next?
Why, I found some flowers as blue as blue,
That had for their name a text!"

"The kind old gardener just passed by,
As I was picking the posies;
He said, 'Good mornin', little Miss Tot,'
And I said, 'Good mornin', Moses.'

"And I asked, 'Is any one's flower bed here,
Or did any gardener sow them?'
And he said, 'The flowers are free as air,
For the Lord Himself did grow them.'

"He smiled at me, so I smiled at him,
And he told me," said little Tot,

"These dear little own blue flowers of God's
Are called 'Forget-me-not'!"

"There's many and many of garden flowers
With a name so long it vexes,
So I think it's kind of our God to name
His own little flowers with texes!"

"I picked them gently as ever I could,
And I looked in their little blue eyes,
And I kissed them softly, and brought them
home,

To make me happy and wise."

"So I'm tryin' to 'member God to-day,
And tryin' to forget Him not;
But I'm wee-ry now, with sittin' so still,"

And away flew smiling Tot.

Oh, children, dear, each flower that grows,
And every bird that sings,

And the bees that hum, and the breeze that

blows,

And the butterfly's painted wings,

And the rainbow-ribbon that belts the skies,

All speak, as the flowers to Tot,

They show us our Father, loving and wise,

And bid us "Forget-him-not."

—*Christian at Work*.

A TIGRESS HUNT.

On a dark evening in December the little village of Sundapoor, Northern India, presented a picturesque appearance. Each bamboo hut whose inmate could afford it had hung out a red or yellow paper lantern; fireworks exploded gayly amongst the banyans and tamarind trees; the whole population of the place was gathered around three large bonfires at the east end of the single street. This demonstration was all in honor of the arrival, an hour before, of Sir Dyce Hanchett—of whom so many boys and girls have read—the famous young English sportsman, from Madras. Sir Dyce Hanchett had come full twenty

miles out of his route expressly to attempt ridding Sundapoor and its neighborhood of its dreaded curse for so many long months, the detested man-eater Kali.

No single tiger had ever wrought such destruction within a little district. The herds had been thinned beast by beast. In August the old Buddhist priest Padara had been seized in the moon-lit street before his door, and borne away, crying out feebly, into the jungle before help was at hand; two women, one at the well in the afternoon, and the other a few days later while returning from her milking at twilight, were no more heard of until their bones were found whitening in a dry ravine. But the dry ravine was not the home of Kali—for so they called her, after the Hindoo goddess of murder—nor could they find it. The timid villagers' hunting parties had been to no purpose. Their second one indeed was overtaken by night, and before Sundapoor was reached a roar was heard in the midst of the group; a terrible creature leaped across their smouldering camp fire, and disappeared with one of their number. In the morning, a mile away, the half-devoured body of the man was found and buried. Kali had not carried it to her lair. No wonder that the unhappy people of Sundapoor began to believe that the tigress was some evil spirit in quadruped form that no eye should trace nor bullet kill.

Sir Dyce, however, only laughed at the superstition of the group, as he sat, surrounded with his men, in the largest bungalow of the little place, organizing his party for the morning. Even Ram Banee, the greatest coward of all, exclaimed: "I have comfort when I behold this stately Englishman, his gun, his bullets. And hearken to his elephant eating behind the bungalow!"

At dawn he and his party were off. Out through the village street with horns and tam-tams the procession moved. The preceding afternoon a bullock had been seized. The crushed twigs and jungle grass, often spotted with gore, were now traced for a mile by the trackers. Suddenly a shout went up from these. "The bullock! the bullock!" Sure enough, when Sir Dyce had forced his way with two others into the open, there on the jungle's edge lay what was left of the unlucky animal. "Hurrah!" cried the enthusiastic Englishman; "she can not be far away. Get together, all of you, quickly. Beat the bush on the other side of us—yonder, across the clearing."

Sir Dyce left his elephant, and joined on foot the excited natives. The open was crossed. Wild cries and shouts, the clanging of the cymbals and tam-tams, filled the morning air. The bush was thoroughly beat, every eye and ear on the alert. Sir Dyce and his party located themselves carefully in the underbrush within easy shot of the carcass. It was their best chance. The afternoon passed slowly. Each member of the little ambuscade had become a sentinel. But no tigress came slinking into sight. The shadows grew purple. Sir Dyce began to doubt the wisdom of further remaining in so exposed a spot without a regular camping out. Or had not they best return to Sundapoor? The elephant had been stationed some hundred yards to the rear. Suddenly an old native laid his hand warningly upon Sir Dyce's sleeve. The English hunter started, and looked out from behind their screen toward the little clearing. Full in face of them, every line and curve of her beautiful form brought into relief by the distance and the green shade behind her, was seated at last a tigress on the opposite side of the open. The great beast was indeed returning from her lair, either to finish her supper here and now, or else to forage for another one.

She sat there upon her haunches very composedly, looking over at the bullock. Perhaps she suspected something. At all events, she seemed reluctant to stir just yet. She remained well out of range, licking her paws, and preening herself precisely like a pussy before the fire.

The natives with Sir Dyce in his lurking place would have risked a shot already had he not checked them. After a moment, however, the great cat raised her head, then lowered it, smelling the ground, and finally advanced slowly toward the dead bullock. The excitement of the natives upon actually beholding before them the dreaded marauder and murderer of their district was evinced by their breathless watchfulness of every motion she made.

The tigress gained the side of the bullock. Thereupon she stooped, and, much to Sir Dyce's discomfiture, instead of beginning her supper then and there, began easily and rapidly to drag the bullock back toward the opposite thicket.

There was no time in such an event to be wasted. The elephant was not available. Sir Dyce stepped quickly from cover and fired. Two of his native companions followed his example. The tigress started, uninjured, dropped the carcass, and turned. Perceiving the hunters, she stood for an instant in a dignified attitude, then roared, lashed her tail furiously, and charged down upon them. The natives shrieked, and rushed pell-mell back. Sir Dyce fired, and pierced the brute's shoulder. She leaped into the air, rolled over and over in her death agony, and then lay rigid and motionless. No more cattle or priests or women would Kali bear away from Sundapoor or any other village.

The natives approached the dead beast tremblingly, and offered prayers to the great goddess whose name they had given it, before they ventured to take the creature home in triumph. Sir Dyce had a rude ovation in Sundapoor that evening that he often smiled over afterward. He cared less for the songs sung in his honor, less for the fireworks and drumming and the procession around his camp stool, than he did for the noble skin that afterward he took to his English home for his little sons to roll upon. But then only an Indian village that has been long in terror from a man-eater can appreciate what a relief he and a good English gun had given it.—*Harper's Young People*.

HIS HARVEST.

It was a strange scene. A passionate, high-tempered boy had spoken, in heat of temper, words it was painful to hear, unfeeling, insolent, angry words. They were said to his father; a man who in earlier days would have responded with a blow. His hair was white now, and his blood had cooled somewhat. He looked at his son sadly.

"I had rather have given a thousand dollars than to see you give way to your temper like this. You are ruining your own life, and spoiling your chances for happiness."

"You are one to say that!" the boy cried, passionately, all his life-long fear of his father swept away by his anger. "You! If you haven't got madder than anybody else, I don't know what mad is! I never saw the time when I wasn't afraid of you."

And then the boy stopped, suddenly realizing how afraid he was, and half-expecting some punishment immediate and condign. He was not prepared for his father's reply.

"I am the very one to say it," the old man answered. "If I had not suffered so much from my own temper, I should not be so anxious to spare you similar pain. Do you think I like to know that my own son has always been afraid of me; that I am dreaded and not welcome in my home; that my old age will be embittered because I have been an unloved though not an unloving man?"

"I have had my punishment all my life; and it's not the least heavy stroke of it when you can say what you have said this morning; and I know, in my own soul, it is the truth,

"If I had been gentle, and patient, and self-controlled, I should have been happy and beloved, instead of unhappy and avoided. Do you think I want you to sow what I have sown, and reap as I have reaped?"

Things could never be the same between that father and son as if all their life together had been one of kindness and justice and self-restraint on the father's side, and loving obedience on the son's; but that mutual acknowledgment of the truth brought them more nearly together than they had ever been brought before.—*Youth's Companion*.

Pleasantries.

The best remedy for a sting is to poultice the wasp before it gets its work in.

"Don't put in no musketeer nettin' for me," said Aunt Hannah. "I don't want to breathe no strained air."

An editor who was told that his last article was as clear as mud, said: "Well, that covers the ground, anyhow."

The Khedive in his harem sits,
And things go harum scarum,
The Sultan gets insulted notes,
And has to sit and barum.

A Philadelphian advised his son to aim high in life, and the lad went out and shot a cow. Beef was about the highest thing he could find to aim at.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, August 21.
FLOUR.—There was no session of the Commercial Exchange to-day, and hence no movement in grain or change in local prices. The Flour trade was limited to jobbing lines at the old range of prices.

SUGARS.—Raw were dull at 7 3-16@7 5-16c. for fair to good refining muscovadoes. Refined were fairly active and firm at 9 1/2c. for cut loaf, crushed and powdered; 9 1/2c. for granulated; 9 1/2c. for mould A, and 9 1/2c. for standard A's. There was nothing doing in Molasses from first hands. Cuba grades were quoted nominally at 30@32c. for 50-test. Late yesterday there were sales of 4000 hogheads for account of Higuer's creditos at prices ranging from 29 1/2c. for low Cube up to 36c. for Barbados.

PROVISIONS were steady and in good jobbing demand. We quote Mess Pork at \$22.50@23c.; shoulder in salt at 10c.; do. smoked, 10 1/2@11c.; pickled shoulders, 10 1/2@12c.; smoked, do, 12@12c.; pickled bellies, 13 1/2@14c.; loose butchers' Lard, 12 1/2c.; prime steam do, \$13; city kettle do, 13c.; Beef Hams, \$22 @23c.; smoked Beef, 16 1/2@18c.; sweet-pickled Hams, 13 1/2@14c., smoked do, 15 1/2@16c.; extra India Mesa Beef, \$34@35; f. o. b.; city family do, \$20. City Tallow, 8 1/2@9c., for prime in hogheads.

BUTTER.—We quote Penna creamery extras at 27c.; Western do, do, 26@27c.; good to prime, 23@25c.; do. imitation, 18@22c.; Bradford fresh, 18c., nominally 24@25c.; do. firsts, 22@23c.; York State tubs fresh extras, 23@24c.; do. firsts, 21@22c.; Western extras fresh, 21@22c.; do. good to prime, 16@19c.; factory, 15@18c.; common shipping grades, 12@13c.; medium, do, 13@15c.; grease, 4@5c.; prints, choice to fancy, 33@35c.; do. firsts, 28@30c.; do. seconds, 23@26c.

CHEESE.—We quote New York factory choice full cream at 14c.; do. fair to good, 10 1/2@11c.; Ohio fat, fine, 10@10 1/2c.; do. fair to good 9@9 1/2c.; Pennsylvania part skims, 6@6 1/2c.; and do. full skims, 2@5c., as to condition.

Eggs.—We quote Western fresh receipts choice at 28c.; do. fair at 22c., and Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware extras at 24c.

POULTRY.—Spring Chickens continued plentiful and dull at 12c. to 17c., as to size and quality. Old fowls were in moderate supply and good demand at 12@14c. for mixed lots, and 15@16c. for all hens.

PETROLEUM was dull for export but closed steady at 6c., for refined in barrels and 9c. for do. in cases.

HAY AND STRAW.—Supplies of choice Hay were moderate and met with fair sale at steady prices. Low grades continued dull. We quote choice Timothy Hay at \$19. No. 1 do, at \$18; No. 2 do, at \$15 @16c., and low grades at \$8@12. Rye Straw was very quiet at \$12@13.

FEED was in light supply and firm, at \$18.50@19 for spring and \$19.50@20 for winter Bran, according to quality and location, on the spot.

TABLE TALK.

EVERY lady who presides at a table is interested to know how she can depend upon having things come upon the table as she would like them. How often are remarks like this made: "This is just my fate; when I especially want a nice thing, somehow or other, it turns out poor!"

A lady expects company for tea. She orders, for instance, biscuits, and they are brought to the table, heavy and indigestible. How many housekeepers can testify to mortification, as well as disappointment, under such circumstances! It may not, however, have occurred to them that it is not always the "cook's fault." Your biscuits, cakes, pot-pies, puddings, etc., etc., cannot be raised with earth or worthless substitutes, and it becomes your own fault when you permit any Baking Powder to come into your kitchen, about which you know absolutely nothing as to its purity or healthfulness.

The market is flooded with "low-priced" Baking Powders, gotten up to make an unjust profit by unscrupulous manufacturers and dealers, and it is worthy the attention of all housekeepers to note there is at least one brand of Baking Powder distinctly sold upon its merits, and which can be relied upon for uniform strength and purity. The Royal Baking Powder, now known almost the world over as a standard article, has stood the test of nearly a quarter of a century, and its friends among the ladies are legion.

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50 Fine Mixed Cards with name printed postpaid.

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Important Notice to Families and Travelers generally.

The courtesies of the entire establishment (in close proximity to the Broad street station for the New York, Baltimore, Washington and all western trains) are freely extended. Beside the vast stocks of ladies', gents' and children's suits, dry goods, fancy goods, carpets and house furnishing, there is a spacious waiting-room, picture gallery, lunch-room and toilet-room.

The new department of public comfort, with wash-rooms, closets, new lunch-rooms, for both ladies and gentlemen, will be opened 1st August. Baggage can be left and checked while persons are visiting.

Philadelphia is so cheap a place for shopping that there is often a saving of more than railroad fares.

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Function as a Stimulant. Unless the bowels do their duty with the regularity of clock-work, perfect health is impossible. Therefore, when di-order'd, control them immediately with TARRANT'S SELTZER APÉRIENT, the most general balsamic and effective laxative and alterative known to the medical profession.

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THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD IN THE WORLD FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN

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Complete encyclopedia of Bible's truths and na'atives, antiquities, geography, biography, and natural history; correct pronunciation of names, etc., etc., containing 24,000 complete articles; over 300 columns; nearly 100 cuts; postal card covers, wire-stitched to any address; 10c. postpaid. A right and easy book for the teacher, minister, teacher, and Christian workers, together forming our Teachers Library. The whole run to the David C. Cook Publishing Company, 46 Adams Street, Chicago.

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Familiarly known to the public since 1826. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also Chimes and Posas.

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DONT BE A CLAM.

Clams are not the proper model for a human being to take pattern by. They are set in their old ways. They open their shells to take their accustomed food, but shut up very tight when anything new comes along, FOR THEY ARE CLAMS, and don't propose to allow anything to penetrate their thick shells that was unknown to their grandfather clams or their grandmother clams.

Clams are not a good thing for a Farmer to copy after, or a Merchant to copy after; for a Boy or Girl to copy after, or for a Housekeeper to copy after.

When a Farmer is shown a butter-worker or a grain-binder, a patent churn or a potato-weeder, he should not act the Clam; he should remember how farm work has been lightened by the mower and reaper, the horse-rake and the horse hay-fork, and many other improvements, and should take time to examine the new idea. In other words, DONT BE A CLAM.

When a clothes-wringer, or an ironing machine or any other new plan is offered to a Housekeeper, the HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD NOT BE A CLAM. It is not a sign of intelligence to hold out against the improvement that science is bringing to help the human race in its fight for bread and butter, but a sign of prejudice, and prejudice is a sign of ignorance, So Dont be a Clam.

AND NOW FOR OUR LITTLE STORY ABOUT

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Which has made a great improvement in housekeeping, resulting in a new way of washing clothes. It interests every Woman, whether Wife or Servant Girl, and every Man, whether married or single, for it does away with Scalding and Boiling on wash-day; it does away with the nasty smell from scalding and boiling the clothes; it does away with the hot fire that heats the house from the roof to the kitchen; it does away with the steam that spoils furniture and wall paper; it makes the Clothes clean, sweet and beautifully white; it enables the wash to be done in less than half the usual time, and the Clothing will last far longer, for the soap does away with much of the rubbing, and it is the hard rubbing that wears out clothes. Dont be a Clam.

Even a Person of Only Ordinary Intelligence will Know for Certain that a Soap that Agrees with the Most Delicate Skin cannot Possibly Injure the Most Delicate Fabrics Washed with it.



If your Face smarts and burns after shaving

Try the Frank Siddalls Soap!

If your skin chafes or itches, or your neck gets sore, perhaps it is caused by the soap you use.

Try the Frank Siddalls Soap!

If you want your teeth to be as clean as your face, and your face to be as clean as your teeth,

If you want your sponge and washrag to always be clean and sweet in the hottest weather,

Try the Frank Siddalls Soap!

It is a soap made of pure, sweet tallow. No soap fat! No kitchen grease! No slaughter-house offal! Pure tallow, sweet enough to use for cooking purposes! Better for toilet than toilet soap! Better for washing cuts, sores, burns and bruises. The best soap for washing a baby.

AND NOW FOR THE MOST LIBERAL PROPOSITION EVER MADE to the PUBLIC:

First ask your Grocer for The Frank Siddalls Soap. If he don't have it on sale and don't care to accommodate you, then write to the office for a cake for trial. First, inclose ten cents, in money or stamps. Second, say you saw the advertisement in THE MESSENGER. Third, promise in your letter that you will have the Soap used THE FIRST WASHDAY AFTER YOU GET IT. Fourth, promise that you will see that EVERY DIRECTION SHALL BE EXACTLY FOLLOWED. Of course only one cake must be sent for, as it is very expensive to send even one cake. It has to be put in an iron box that costs 6 cents, as the Post-Office rules will not allow Soap to be sent through the mail in pasteboard boxes, 15 cents in postage stamps will have to be put on each cake, and yet a cake will be sent for 10 cents if the person who sends make these promises.

AND THE RESULT WILL BE A GREAT BOON TO ALL HOUSEKEEPERS WHO ARE NOT CLAMS.

And pray, who wants to be classed under the head of Clams? Will not every housekeeper be only too glad to hear of an easier, better, quicker and cheaper way of washing clothes?

EASIER, because it does away with all the hard work.

BETTER, because the wash looks better and irons easier.

QUICKER, because the wash can be done in half the usual time.

CHEAPER, because the saving in fuel more than pays for the Soap.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER

And next wash-day give one honest trial to the sensible, easy, gentle and ladylike Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

It is sold at wholesale by every Grocer in Philadelphia, and by the great Jobbing Grocers of New York City, and in nearly every town, village and city in the United States, so that there will be no excuse for a storekeeper not buying it when his customers ask for it. Thurber, Leggett & Co., Burkhalter & Co., Austin, Nichols & Co., R. C. Williams & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and forty others of the leading New York Jobbers are handling it largely, and of course if it pays them to handle it it will pay the Country Merchant to handle it.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES:

A wash-boiler MUST not be used, NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER, and as the wash-water must be lukewarm, a small kettle answers for a large wash.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems.

A wash-boiler which stands used several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some of the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap. Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

FIRST.—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water. Draw it out on the wash-board and rub the Soap over it VERY LIGHTLY, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled pieces. THEN ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing; lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. THEN GO AWAY FOR 20 MINUTES TO ONE HOUR—BY THE CLOCK—AND LET THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP DO ITS WORK.

NEXT.—AFTER SOAKING THE FULL TIME commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on the wash-board, AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water.